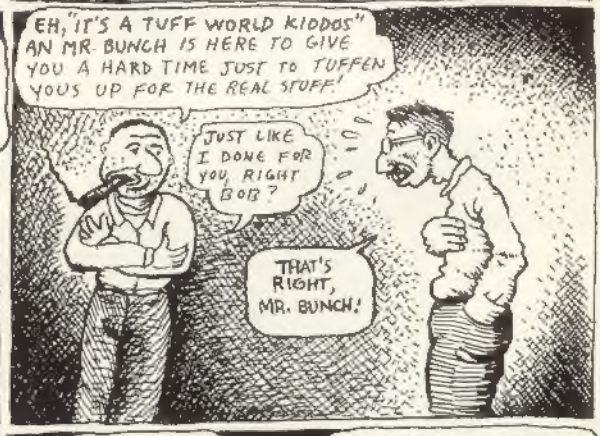
LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES

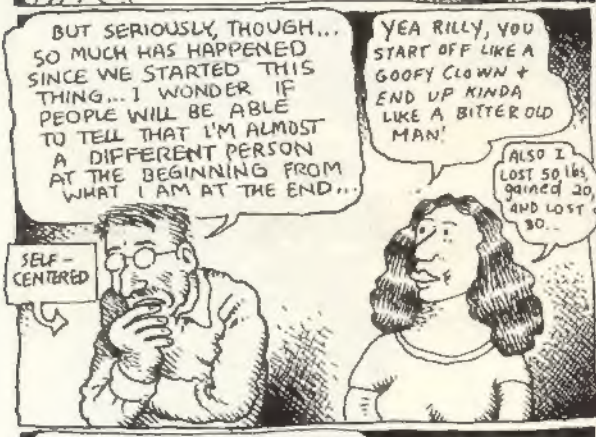
Aline and Bob's DIRTY LAUNDRY comics

$1.00

ADULTS ONLY

FIRST A FEW WORDS FROM THE ARTISTS....





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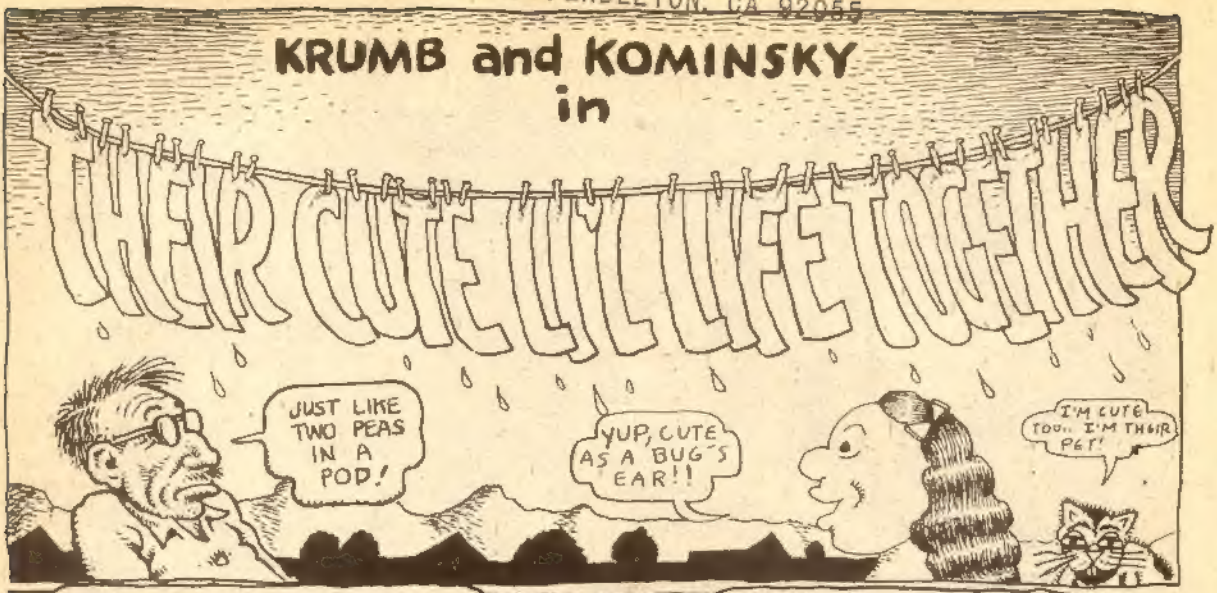
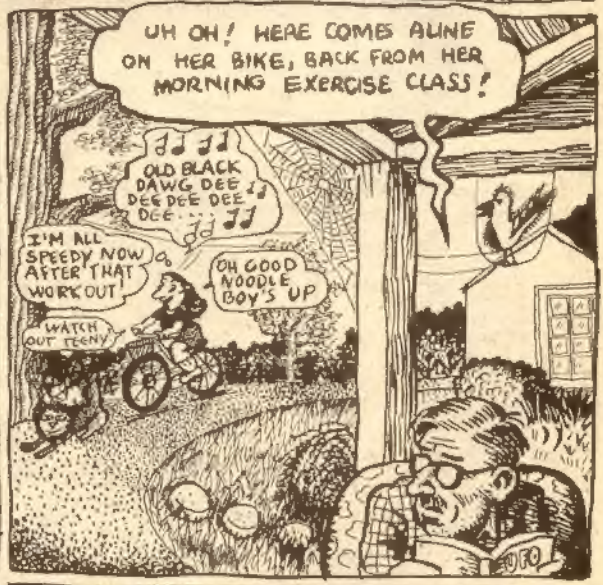
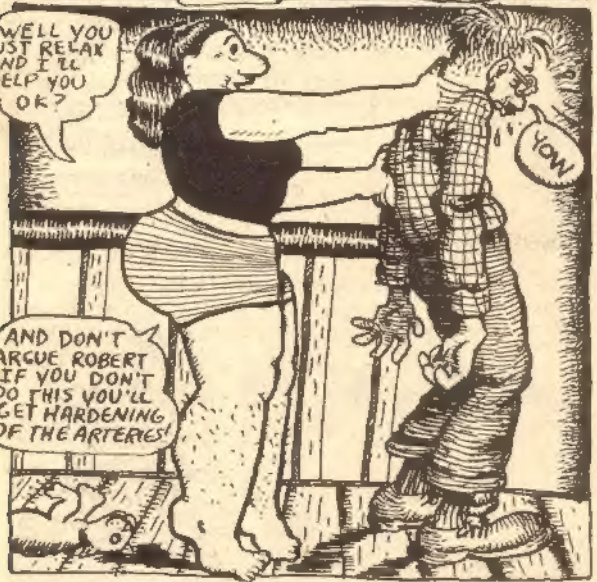
KRUMB and KOMINSKY in THEIR CUTE LIL' LIFE TOGETHER



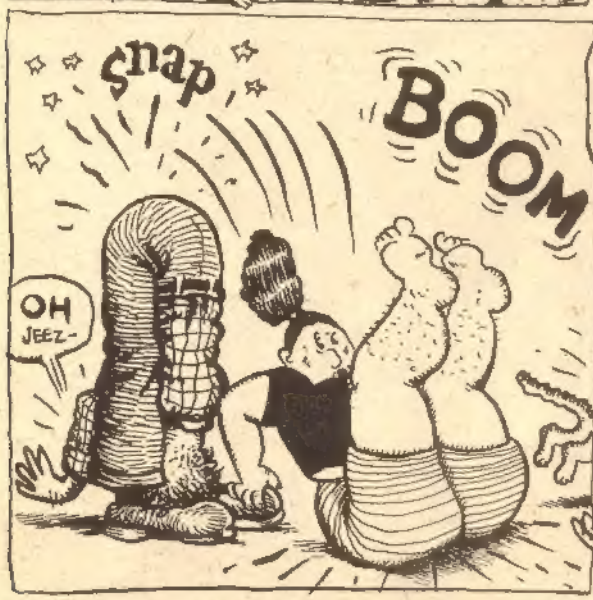


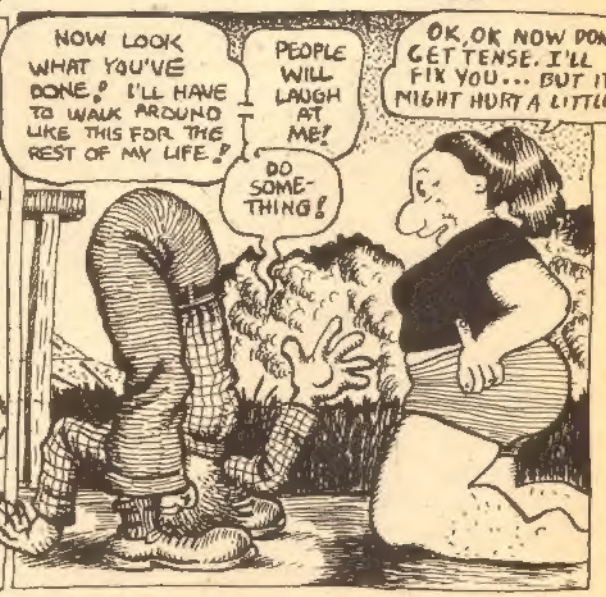
NOW DO WHAT I DO! GRAB YOUR LAIGES AND TOUCH YOUR NOSE TO YOUR KNEES.
ARE YOU KIDDING? I CANT DO THAT!
NOW COME UP ON YUR TOES AND HOLD IT
SEE, LIKE I'M DOING

YER OUTA YOUR MIND IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET ME INTO A RIDICULOUS POSE LIKE THAT! HA HA!

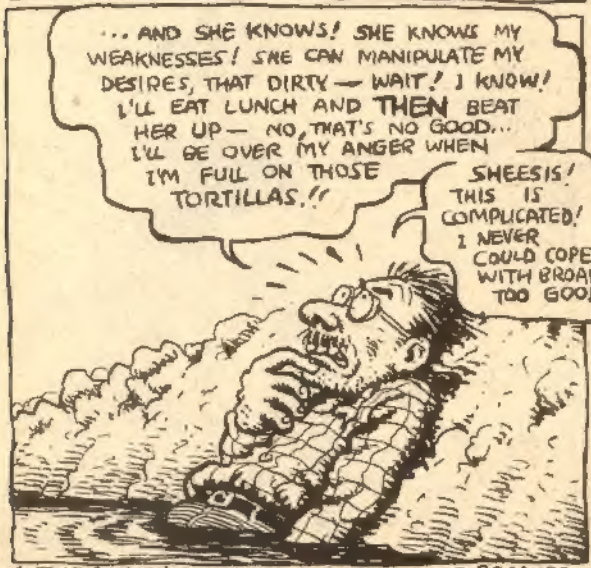

WELL YOU JUST RELAX AND I'LL HELP YOU OK?
YOW
AND DON'T ARGUE ROBERT IF YOU DON'T DO THIS YOU'LL GET HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES!

HEY UPP HUP! SEE I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT! NOW GET THIS HEAD DOWN, DOWN DOWN!!!
YAARGH!


snap
BOOM
OH JEEZ-

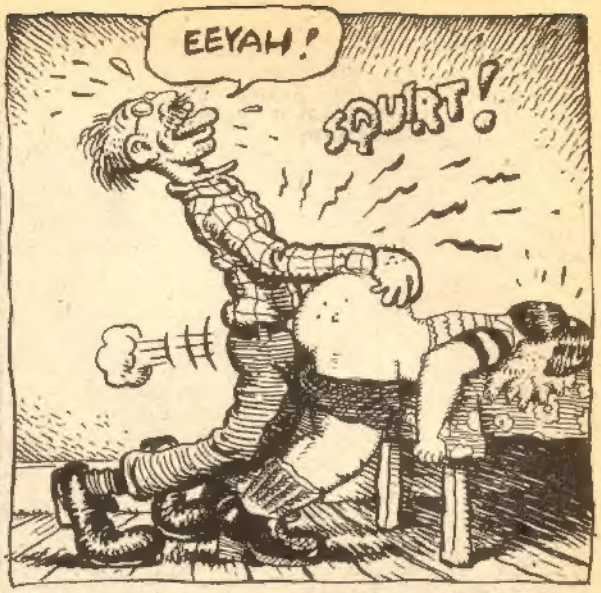

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! I'LL HAVE TO WALK AROUND LIKE THIS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!
PEOPLE WILL LAUGH AT ME!
DO SOMETHING!
OK, OK NOW DON'T GET TENSE. I'LL FIX YOU... BUT IT MIGHT HURT A LITTLE!

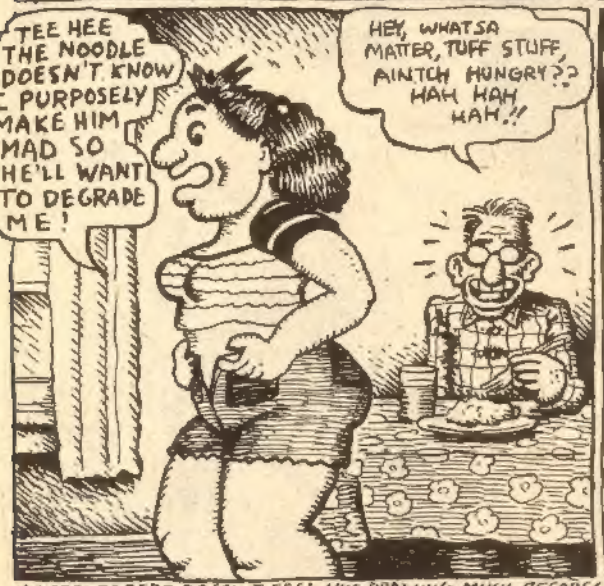
CAN YA' HOLD IT FOR JUST A SEC. THE BUNCH'LL BE RIGHT BACK TOOT SWEET!
OKAY, BUT HURRY UP! I'M IN PAIN! $@☆!!!
?
INSIDE THE HOUSE:
I WONDER IF MY BROTHER LIKES ME??
WHAT'S SHE DOING IN THERE? HEY!!
GOTTA GET A SNACK. ALL THAT WORKIN' OUT HAS MADE ME STARVING.
COMING SWEETIE PIE!
GRRR
MILK
ME NEED MEAT & PICKLES.
GET OUT HERE, YOU! I'M IN PAIN! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS MESS!
OHH, I'D LIKE TO—
I'M HERE POOPSY, SO RELAX.
WHAT'RE YOU DOING TO ME, YOU CRAZY BITSCH!?
YA KNOW YOU'RE KINDA HEAVY ALL FOLDED UP LIKE THIS.
WHY I'M SIMPLY GOING TO TAKE YOU SOMEPLACE WHERE I CAN LAY YOU DOWN AND..... WHOA!!! HELP I TRIPPED...
WHOOAA
IRRIGATION DITCH



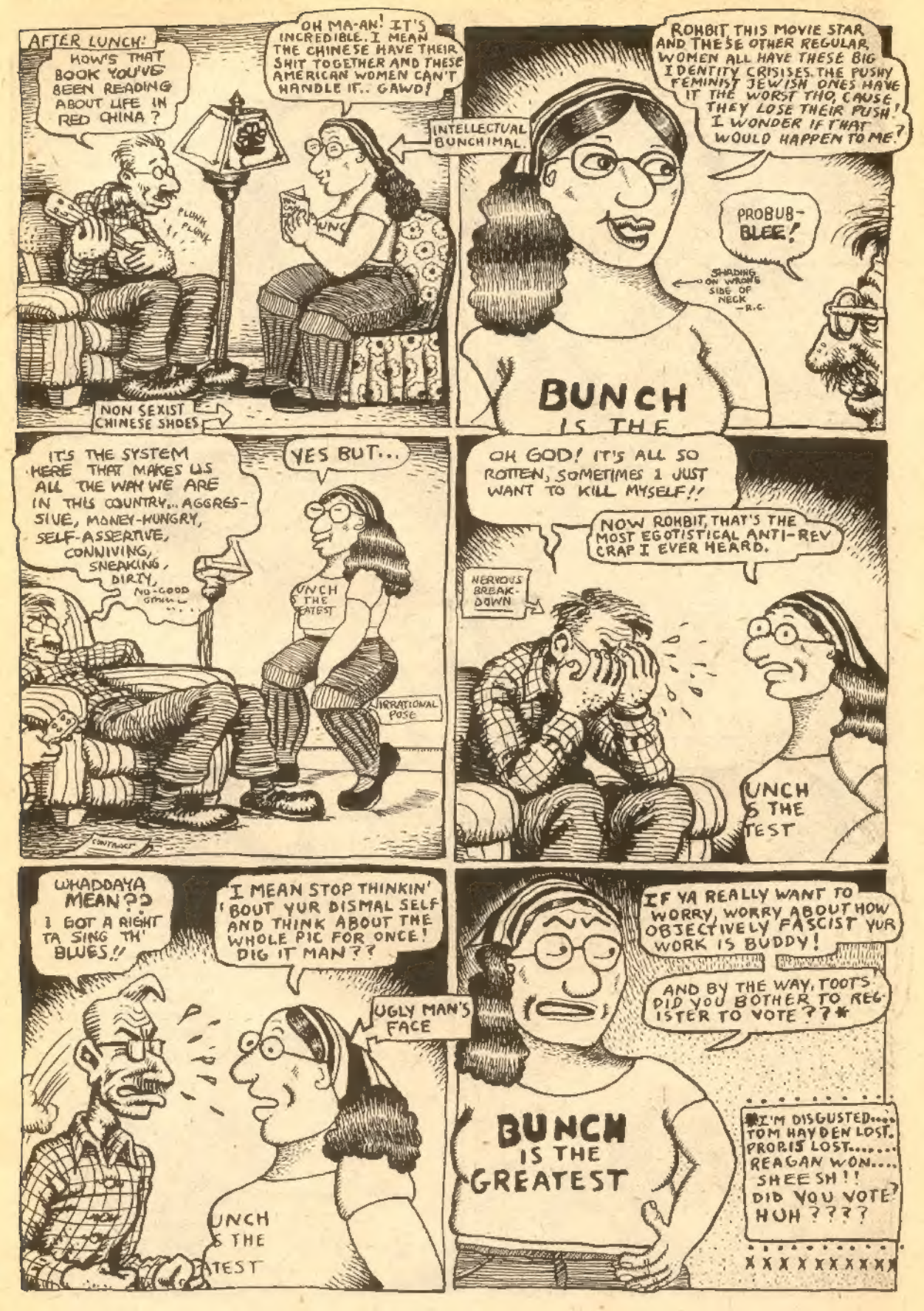
* THE BUNCH CHANGES HER LOOK A LOT BECAUSE SHE LIKES TO DRAW HERSELF IN DIFFERENT CUTE OUTFITS WITH NEW HAIRDOS WHENEVER SHE WANTS TO!!

OOOOH...MY BACK IS KILLIN' ME NOW...SIGH.. THIS LIFE IS SUCH A HELL ON EARTH!
DOG NOODLE
SO WHERE'S MY LUNCH — OH, MY MY, WHAT HAVE WE HERE??
HIYA SLIM!
HANK O' HAIR
CINDERY BEAN BODY
HERE'S YOUR FOOD ROHBIT COME AND SIT DOWN NOW OK?
MMM! SMELLS GOOD!
"BUNCHILADAS"
TH' BUNCH IS SO GOOD! COOKS DEE-LISHUS MEALS FOR ME AND PLUS SHE'S SUCH A SEX GURL!
I THINK HE'S FORGOT THAT I DROPPED HIM.
I KNOW I YAM! DO YOU LOVE ME ROHBIT?
BIG RIG
YEAH, SURE!..WHY NOT? (OBOY, NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET EVEN!)...OOPS! LOOK OUT, PRINCESS!!
ZBLAP!
SQUISH GOOSH
SICK RELATIONSHIP





*NOTE: ROBERT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE DRAWING MUCH BECAUSE THE IRS IS AFTER HIM AND HIS EX-WIFE IS HASSLING HIM, SO I HAFTO DO MORE STUFF THEN HIM AND ITS NOT FAIR.


AFTER LUNCH:
HOW'S THAT BOOK YOU'VE BEEN READING ABOUT LIFE IN RED CHINA ?
PLUNK PLUNK
OH MA-AN! IT'S INCREDIBLE. I MEAN THE CHINESE HAVE THEIR SHIT TOGETHER AND THESE AMERICAN WOMEN CAN'T HANDLE IT.. GAWD!
INTELLECTUAL BUNCHIMAL.
NON SEXIST CHINESE SHOES
ROKBIT, THIS MOVIE STAR AND THESE OTHER REGULAR WOMEN ALL HAVE THESE BIG IDENTITY CRISISES. THE PUSHY FEMINIST JEWISH ONES HAVE IT THE WORST THO, CAUSE THEY LOSE THEIR PUSH! I WONDER IF THAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME?
PROBUB-BLEE!
SHADING ON WRONG SIDE OF NECK —R.C.
BUNCH IS THE
IT'S THE SYSTEM HERE THAT MAKES US ALL THE WAY WE ARE IN THIS COUNTRY... AGGRESSIVE, MONEY-HUNGRY, SELF-ASSERTIVE, CONNIVING, SNEAKING, DIRTY, NO-GOOD
YES BUT...
UNCH THE EATEST
IRRATIONAL POSE
CONTINUED
OH GOD! IT'S ALL SO ROTTEN, SOMETIMES I JUST WANT TO KILL MYSELF!!
NOW ROKBIT, THAT'S THE MOST EGOTISTICAL ANTI-REV CRAP I EVER HEARD.
NERVOUS BREAK-DOWN
UNCH S THE TEST
WHADDAYA MEAN?? I GOT A RIGHT TA SING TH' BLUES!!
I MEAN STOP THINKIN' 'BOUT YUR DISMAL SELF AND THINK ABOUT THE WHOLE PIC FOR ONCE! DIG IT MAN??
UGLY MAN'S FACE
UNCH S THE ATEST
IF YA REALLY WANT TO WORRY, WORRY ABOUT HOW OBJECTIVELY FASCIST YUR WORK IS BUDDY!
AND BY THE WAY, TOOTS DID YOU BOTHER TO REGISTER TO VOTE??*
BUNCH IS THE GREATEST
*I'M DISGUSTED.... TOM HAYDEN LOST. PROP 13 LOST..... REAGAN WON.... SHEESH!! DID YOU VOTE? HUH????
XXXXXXXXXX

IT'S NO USE, ALINE... WHY KEEP BEATING YOUR HEAD AGAINST A WALL?! WE'RE LIVING IN A DECLINING PHASE OF OUR CULTURE AND NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP THE SLIDE UNTIL THINGS GET SO BAD THAT THE BIG STOMACH FEELS THREATENED...

THOSE IDIOTS! FOOLS! BLIND, SMUG, SPLUT SPUTTER

GREED, GREED

AND STOOPIDITY

OI, MY HEART FEELS SO HEAVY WHEN I THINK OF MY EUROPEAN ANCESTORS COMING TO AMERIKER WITH SUCH HOPE!

TH' POOR SAPS! LOOK WHAT THEY'VE PRODUCED WITH ALL THEIR HARD WORK! A GENERATION OF BIG FAT BRATS LIKE YOU!

THEY'D DIE IF THEY SAW THIS DEGENERATE COMIC

GUILTY

I ASSUME THAT WAS A JOKE

INDIGNANT

EVEN THO IT WAS NOT FUNNY!

MR. "MY FAMILY CAME OVER ON THE MAYFLOWER" CRUMB!

BUNCH IS THE GREATEST

DONT GET YOUR BOWELS IN AN UPROAR, IMMIGRANT BUNCH!

PERSONALLY, I GO FOR THE BIG AMERICAN FAT-FACED BRAT GIRL... I LIKE TA HUMILIATE 'EM, 'CAUSE I'M A SEX PERVERT, BUT THAT'S TH' MAIN TROUBLE WITH OUR NATION NOW... EVERYBODY'S AIMLESSLY DRIFTING... WE DONT HAVE ANYTHING TO STRIVE FOR ANYMORE!

WE'VE ALL GONE SOFT!

MR. 4-F

SOFT HUH? WELL PUNCH THAT BUTT AND SEE HOW SOFT IT IS! GRAMPS!!

1000 LBS.

WE ALREADY DID THAT ROUTINE IN OUR LAST COMIC, WHERE I KICK YOUR ASS AND HURT MY FOOT, REMEMBER? YOU'RE SUCH A SHOW-OFF! ALWAYS WANTING EVERYBODY TO SEE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE!

YOU ARE TOUGH, TOO!

ANGH AHHHH!

SKWISH

THAT GUY'S SUCH A CYNIC!

SO WHAT, IN ARCADE #6 IN THAT BEARSY WEARZY STORY YOU HAD JIPPO SQUEEZE BOOPSEY'S FACE 'TIL IT POPPED LIKE A GRAPE" JUST LIKE THAT!

NOW EVERYONE WANTS TO SQUEEZE THE BUNCH FACE 'TIL IT 'POPS"

HEY FOLKS! AREN'T WE AMERICA'S MOST LOVABLE CARTOON COUPLE?? HUP-HO!

DOO

A REAL LOOK AT DAILY ACTIVITIES:

ME GOOD HOUSEWIFE

HM, GOOD, THERE'S SOME MEAT LEFT ON THIS LITTLE BIRDIE'S CARCASS!

BUNCH TEAR OFF

THE BUNCH LOVES TO COOK!

SHE CAN ALSO DO SOME INCREDIBLE THINGS WITH HER BODY!

I CAN DRAW MYSELF AND WRITE MY NAME WITH MY FOOT!

SEE I COULD STILL MAKE COMICS IF MY HANDS WERE OFF!

OPPOSING TOES

BUNCH

This was drawn by the Bunch's foot.

ALSO

I CAN SQUIRT WATER OUT OF MY CUNT!

GROSS WOMAN

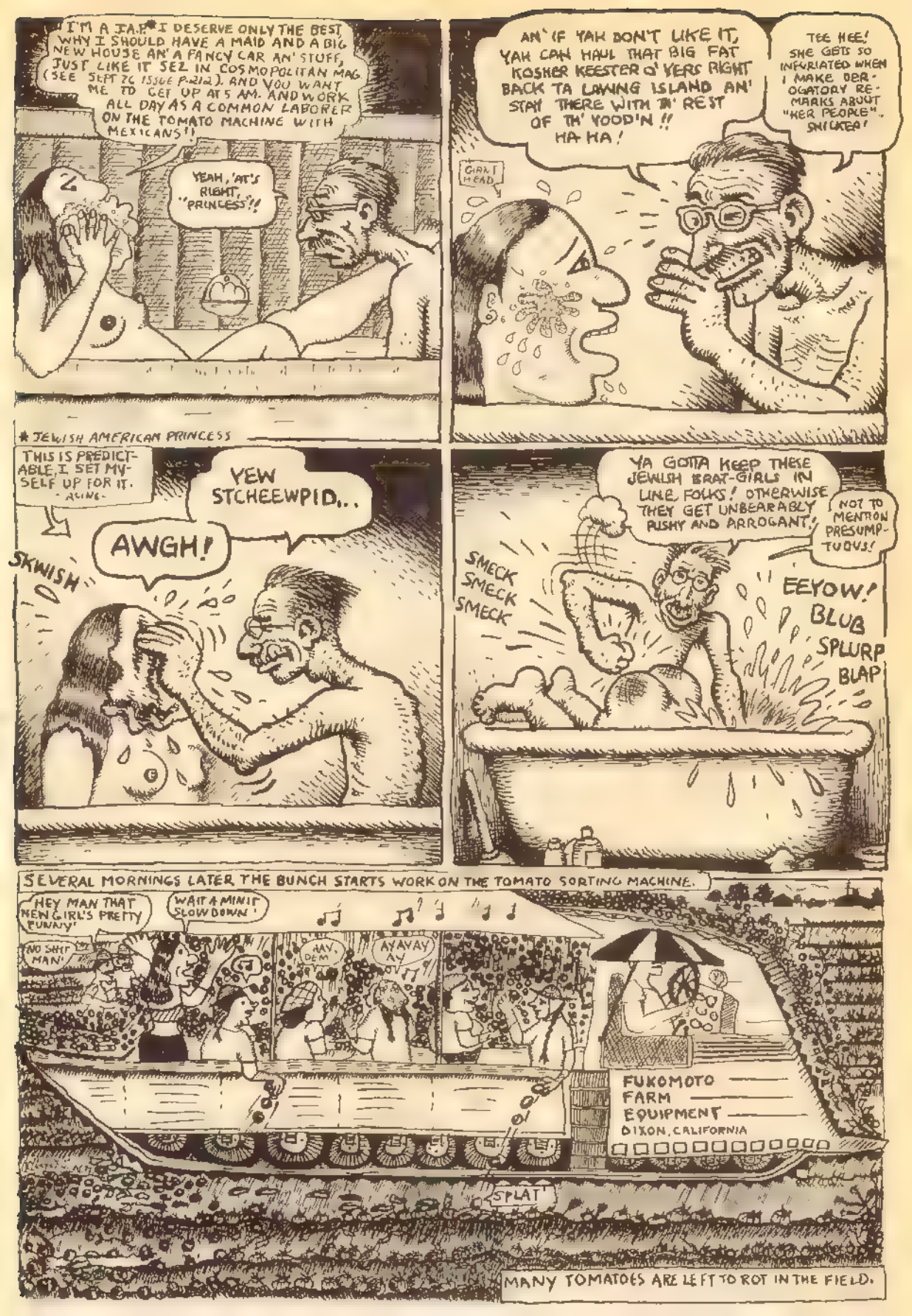
YOU ARE SUCH A BIG EGGZABISHINIST! MOVE OVER... I'M COMING IN THERE..

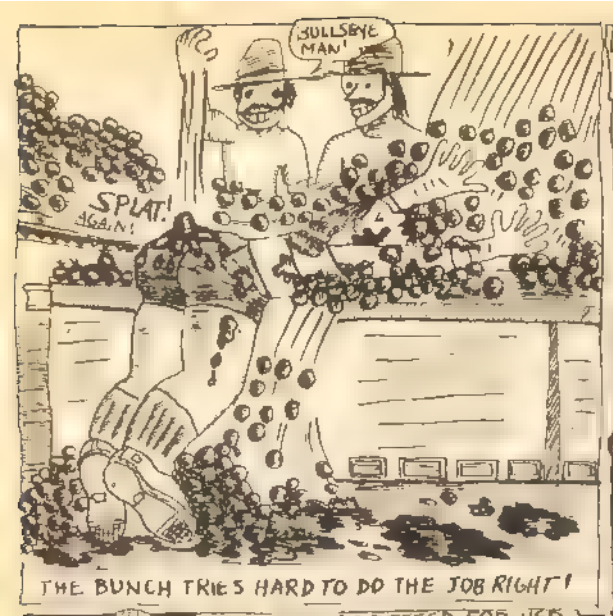
OH KAY BUT DON'T PUSH MY FALE UNDER!

AND FOR YUR INFORMATION I WAS CLEANING OUT MY REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM!!

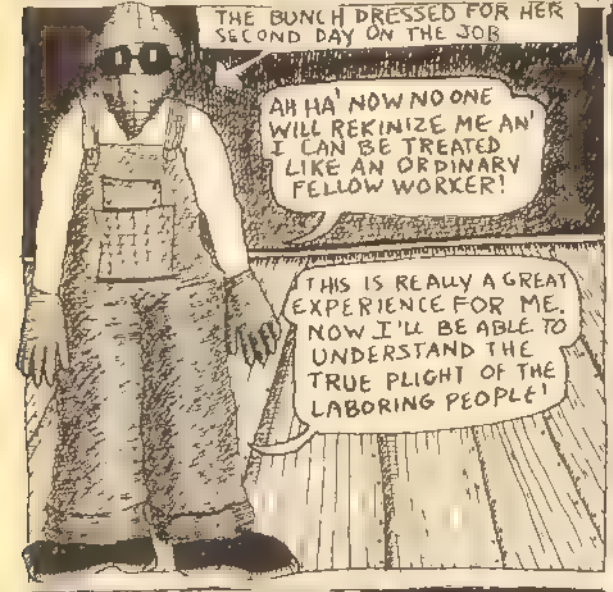
Y' KNOW, I'VE BEEN THINKING... WE CAN'T GO ON LIVING THIS BOHEMIAN LIFE-STYLE MUCH LONGER, AUNE... MY MONEY'S RUNNING OUT SINCE I LOST TH' KEEP-ON-TRUCKIN' CASE.. ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO GET A JOB... WITH YOUR COLLEGE EDUCATION I FIGURE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TURN UP SOME KIND OF WORK...

WHO ME? BUT I'M A ARTISTE, I SHOULD HAFTA WORK AT A REGULAR JOB!

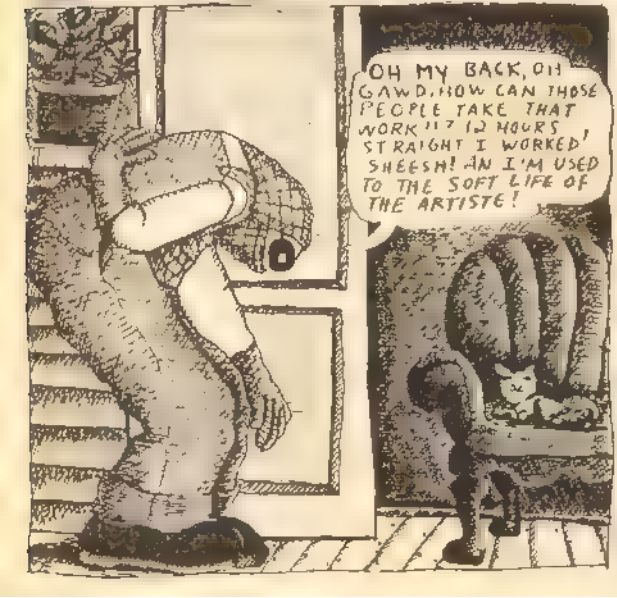

I'M A J.A.P.* I DESERVE ONLY THE BEST, WHY I SHOULD HAVE A MAID AND A BIG NEW HOUSE AN' A FANCY CAR AN' STUFF, JUST LIKE IT SEZ IN COSMOPOLITAN MAG (SEE SEPT 70 ISSUE P.212). AND YOU WANT ME TO GET UP AT 5 AM. AND WORK ALL DAY AS A COMMON LABORER ON THE TOMATO MACHINE WITH MEXICANS!!
YEAH, 'AT'S RIGHT, "PRINCESS"!!
* JEWISH AMERICAN PRINCESS
AN' IF YAK DON'T LIKE IT, YAK CAN HAUL THAT BIG FAT KOSHER KEESTER O' VERS RIGHT BACK TA LAWNG ISLAND AN' STAY THERE WITH TH' REST OF TH' YOOD'N !! HA-HA!
TEE HEE! SHE GETS SO INFURIATED WHEN I MAKE DERO-GATORY RE-MARKS ABOUT "HER PEOPLE". SNICKER!
GIRL'S HEAD
THIS IS PREDICT-ABLE, I SET MY-SELF UP FOR IT. -ACHE-
YEW STCHEEWPID...
AWGH!
SKWISH
YA GOTTA KEEP THESE JEWISH BRAT-GIRLS IN LINE, FOLKS! OTHERWISE THEY GET UNBEARABLY PUSHY AND ARROGANT!
NOT TO MENTION PRESUMP-TUOUS!
SMECK SMECK SMECK
EEYOW! BLUB SPLURP BLAP
SEVERAL MORNINGS LATER THE BUNCH STARTS WORK ON THE TOMATO SORTING MACHINE.
HEY MAN THAT NEW GIRL'S PRETTY FUNNY!
WAIT A MINIT SLOW DOWN!
NO SHIT MAN!
HAY DEM
AYAYAY AY
FUKOMOTO FARM EQUIPMENT DIXON, CALIFORNIA
SPLAT
MANY TOMATOES ARE LEFT TO ROT IN THE FIELD.


BULLSEYE MAN!
SPLAT! AGAIN!
THE BUNCH TRIES HARD TO DO THE JOB RIGHT!

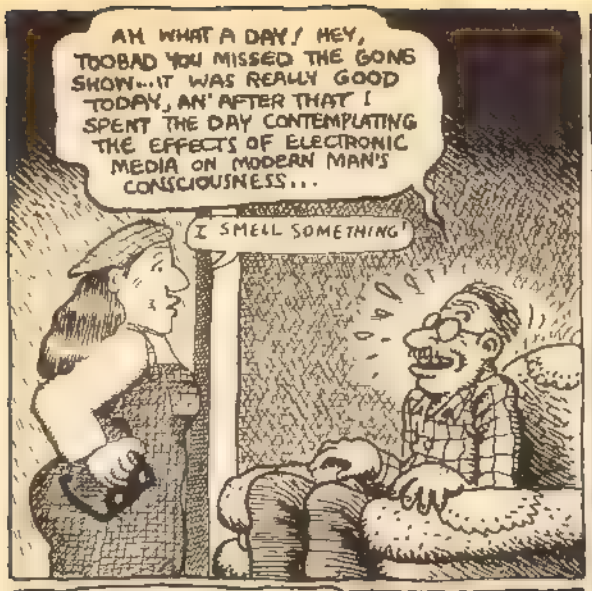
MEANWHILE, "R." STEPS OUT FOR A FEW EXTRA-CURRICULAR CHEAP THRILLS...
UH, HI MELISSA...I,UH... CAME OVER FOR THAT PIGGY-BACK RIDE YOU PROMISED TO GIVE ME..
HEM HEM
OH YEAH! I REMEMBER! C'MON IN!!


THE BUNCH DRESSED FOR HER SECOND DAY ON THE JOB
AH HA! NOW NO ONE WILL REKINIZE ME AN' I CAN BE TREATED LIKE AN ORDINARY FELLOW WORKER!
THIS IS REALLY A GREAT EXPERIENCE FOR ME. NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PLIGHT OF THE LABORING PEOPLE!

LATER THAT EVENING...
WHERE TH' HELL'S TH' BUNCH? IT'S PAST DINNERTIME AN', LIKE, I'M STARVING ALREADY! G'DAMM'ER!!


OH MY BACK, OH GAWD, HOW CAN THOSE PEOPLE TAKE THAT WORK!!? 12 HOURS STRAIGHT I WORKED! SHEESH! AN I'M USED TO THE SOFT LIFE OF THE ARTISTE!

HEY!! YOU'RE FINALLY HOME!...AND IT'S ABOUT TIME! OH MAN DO YOU LOOK WASTED! BUT, THAT'S LIFE AMONG THE WOIKING CLASSES, RIGHT? TA HA HA HA!


AH WHAT A DAY! HEY, TOOBAD YOU MISSED THE GONG SHOW...IT WAS REALLY GOOD TODAY, AN' AFTER THAT I SPENT THE DAY CONTEMPLATING THE EFFECTS OF ELECTRONIC MEDIA ON MODERN MAN'S CONSCIOUSNESS...
I SMELL SOMETHING!

IT WAS REALLY VERY INTERESTING...I...UH...
I BET, WHAT I SMELL IS SOME PERFUME AN' ITS ON YOU, BUDDY!

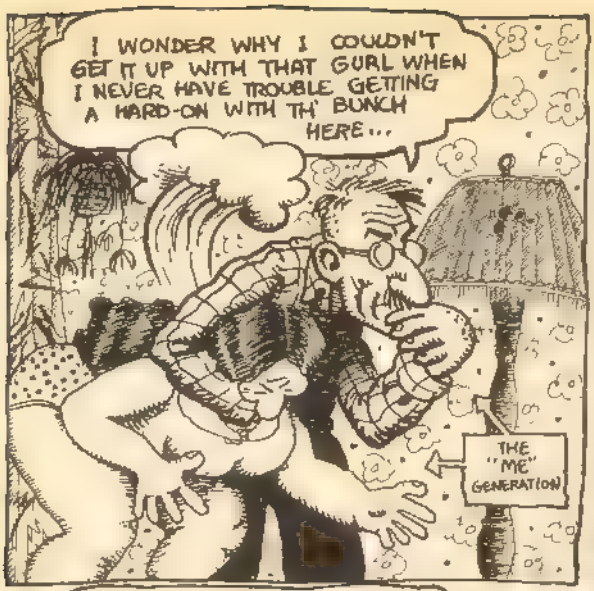
WHAT'S THE USE...I CANT LIE TO TH' BUNCH..HER PENETRATING EYEBALLS FORCE ME TO TELL ALL! I..I WAS WITH ANOTHER WOMAN TODAY...
IT'S YUR GUILT THAT COMPELS YOU TO CONFESS YUR SICKNING SINS TO ME FUCKIN' ASSHOLE! YOU MAKE ME WANNA VOMIT! CREEP!

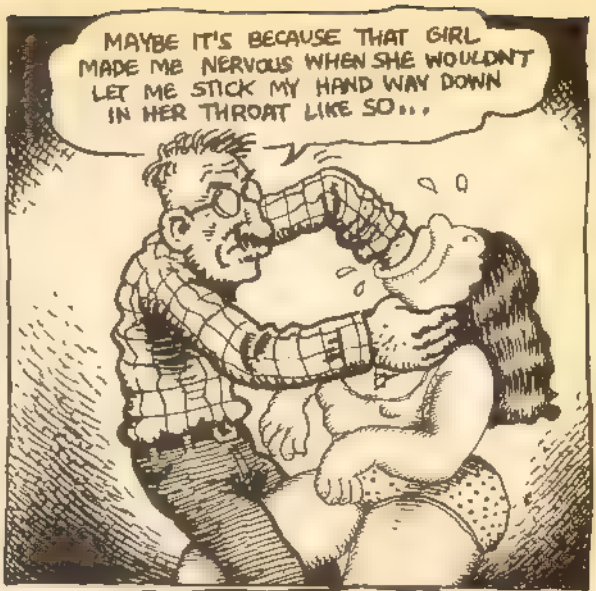
WHAT A WRECK!
THERE'S NOTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT, BELIEVE ME! I..UH...IT WAS A BIG NOTHING...I DEEVELOPED PERFORMANCE ANXIETY AN' COULDNT GET IT UP... SO WADDA YOU CARE?
NOW YOUR LIKE TOM HARTMAN REMEMBER?

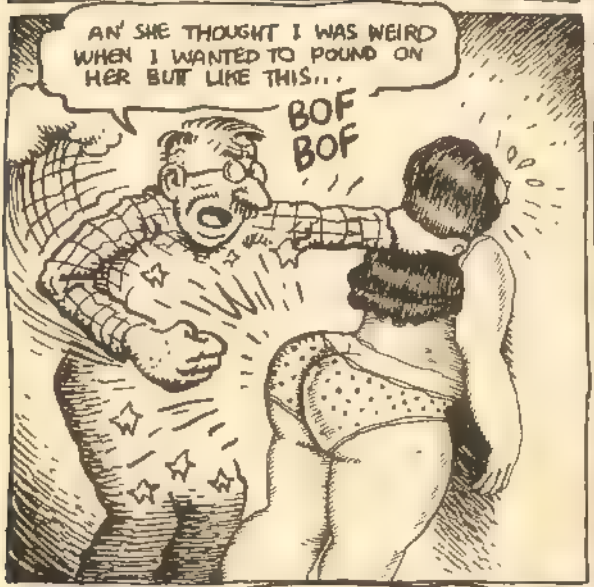
ACTUALLY I PUT A SPELL ON YOU SO YOU COUD ONLY GET EXCITED WITH ME HA HA!
NO, YUR NOT EXACTLY LIKE TOM HARTMAN, 'CAUSE HE COULDN'T GET IT UP WITH MARY, YUR THE OPPOSITE!
RAH BURT? RAH BURT?
WHAT?

C'N I SUCK YUR PENIS NOW TO RELAX ME FROM MY HARD DAYS LABOR??
...SUCK...MY... PENIS??
UH...YEAH, I GUESS SO, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO!
I CAN'T HELP IT I LIKE TO SUCK IT!
I LIKE YOU
?
?
?
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WOMEN!

YOU'RE SO CRAZY, I...
UNH!
SLURP SMOP
EEYAAH!
BOING!
SQUIRT
RAHBIT, GET UP ON ME NOW SO YOU CAN GET A HARD ON AGAIN AND FUCK ME C'MON!!
HURRY UP ME HORNY NOW!
WHOO BOY!
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL LATER... I'M EXHAUSTED NOW...ALSO HUNGRY... S'HOW 'BOUT GETTIN' SOME DINNER ON TH' TABLE, HUH??
NO FUCK YOU I HATE YOU DOG SHIT BOY WHO FUCKS OTHER GIRLS!
WOW THAT WUZ SOME FUN!! MAN!
WHEW!!
YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO FUCK ME BECAUSE YOU WERE WITH THAT STOOPID GROOPIE GIRL WHO HAPPENED TO BE JUST A LITTLE LAME AN' HER LAIGES AN' ASS WERE NOT TOO BIG
BUT—
BUT—
GRR!
DIG IT MAN!

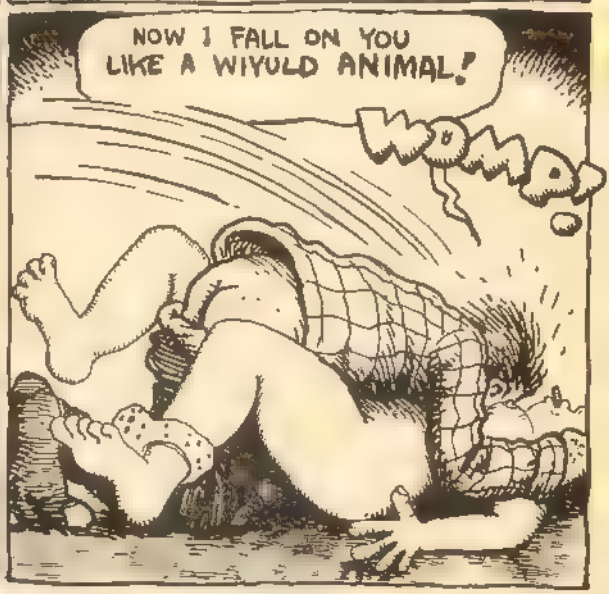

I WONDER WHY I COULDN'T GET IT UP WITH THAT GURL WHEN I NEVER HAVE TROUBLE GETTING A HARD-ON WITH TH' BUNCH HERE...
THE "ME" GENERATION


MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE THAT GIRL MADE ME NERVOUS WHEN SHE WOULDN'T LET ME STICK MY HAND WAY DOWN IN HER THROAT LIKE SO...


AN' SHE THOUGHT I WAS WEIRD WHEN I WANTED TO POUND ON HER BUTT LIKE THIS...
BOF BOF

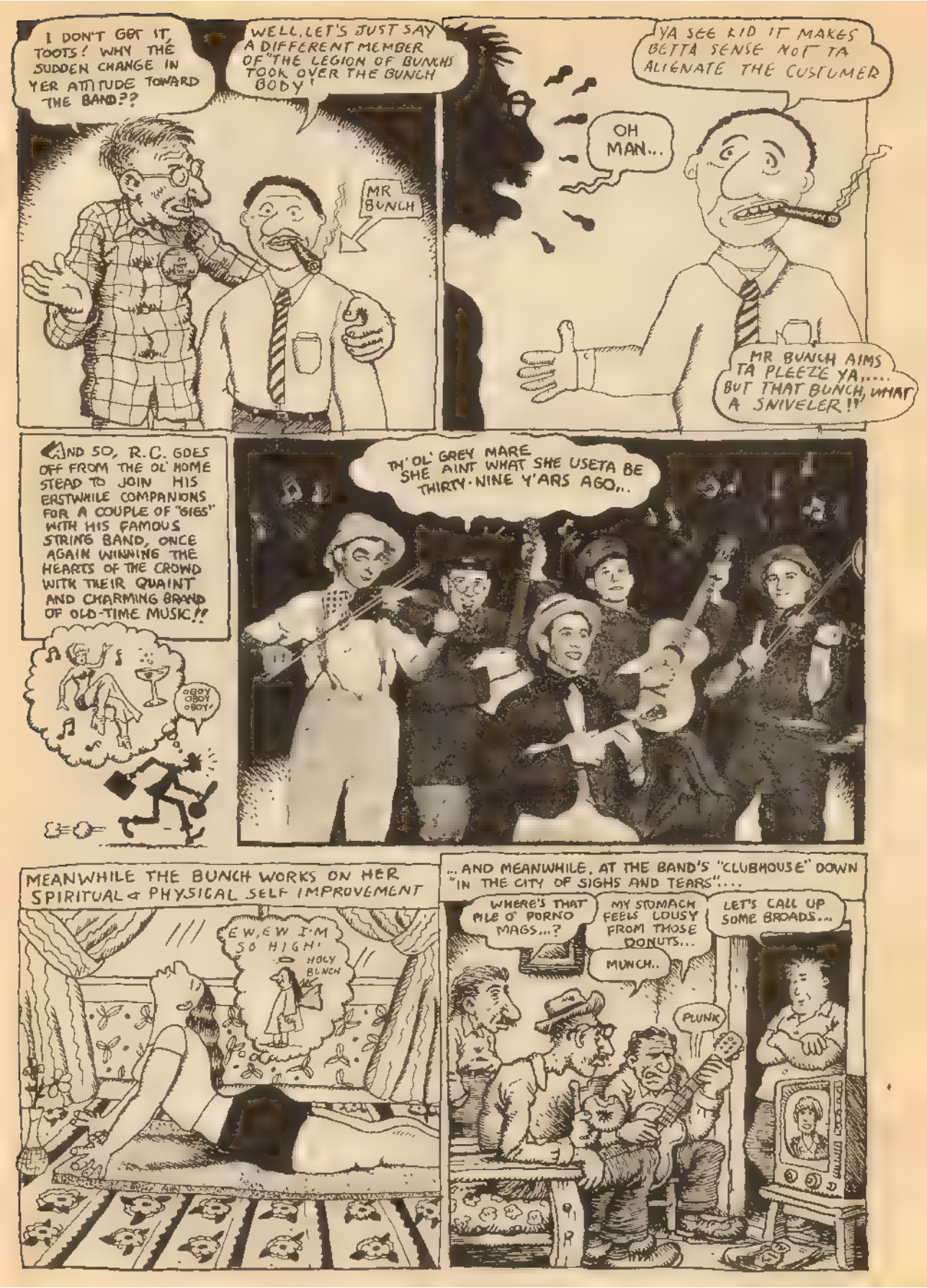
AN' SHE OBJECTED STRONGLY WHEN I TRIED TO GRIND HER FACE INTO TH' FLOOR IN MY WAY...
UNH!

OH GOD NOW I'M ALL AROUSED AGAIN AN' WANNA CRAM IT IN YOU!!


NOW I FALL ON YOU LIKE A WIYULD ANIMAL!
WOMP!

OH JEEZ
NO ME ON TOP'
AYEEEE YI YI KILL ME KILL ME!
BUNCH IS COMIN'!
RING RING
SHIT! DONT ANSWER THAT IT'S PROBLY THOSE STUPID SUITS WITH ANOTHER LOUSY BAND JOB THAT I HATE SO MUCH!
I'LL GET IT...LEMME UP...
HELLO? OH HEY, T.Z., WHUSS HAPP'NIN'?
EW, EW, RAHBIT, RAHBIT TELL HIM TA TELL MARSHA TA CALL ME WHEN SHE GETS BACK, AN ASK'M, ASK 'M IF HE'S GOT ANY MORE FIESTA WEAR DISHES TA TRADE AN' ALSO, RAHBIT... RAHHBITT....
CLUTCH GRAB PULL

WILL YOU SHUT UP?? I CANT HEAR NOTHIN' WITH YOU YAPPIN' AT ME A MILE A MINIT!!
NO, NO RAHBIT! NO, NO TELL HIM NO NO NO DON'T PLAY THAT BAND JOB YOU PROMISED, PLEEZE DON'T PLEEZE, NO RAHBIT!
DESPERATE CLINGING ANIMAL
NEXT TUESDAY? UM, WELL, LESSEE... OKAY, I'LL DO IT... HEY FOUND ANY GOOD "SIDES" LATELY? .....
OH YEAH?? YOU'RE KIDDING!! "BLACK SNAKE MOAN" BY CHARLES UNDERWOOD AND THE E.E. HACK STRING BAND!! OH MAN! I'M GREEN WITH ENVY!! LUCKY LUCKY..
DIRTY, STINKIN' NO GOOD ..... GRRR.
GRR GRR
YEH, OKAY, I'LL BE THERE TUESDAY.. SEE YA THEN... S'LONG...
I. UH GOT A BAND JOB NEX TUESDAY... ...ULP...
ULP GULP
SUDDENLY IN A FLASH OF HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS EXORICIST GIRL TRANCENDS HER ANGER
I WONT BE GONE VERY LONG, SUGAR, AN' BESIDES, TH' FELLOWS CAN USE THE MONEY, AND UH... UM...
HEY, RELAX KID, I'M NOT MAD, RILLY, I WAS BEING I OOL ISH.
I MEAN, IT'S ALL TOTALLY INSIGNIF-ICANT. WE BOTH KNOW THAT
CRINGE
COWER
QUIVER
ACTUALLY, I NEED A LOT OF PRIVACY AND MENTAL SPACE TO BE CREATIVE, SO I'M GLAD YOU'LL BE AWAY
YA KNOW I GOT MY OWN COMIC TO FINISH BESIDES THIS
WHAT'S THIS BIT??
VESTIGAL LIMBS
IT'S ABSURD FOR ME TO RESENT YOUR GOING AWAY, IN REALITY, I LOOK FOWARD TO IT!
IS SHE FOR REAL, OR IS THIS SOME SORT OF PLOY??
I THINK I'LL FAST WHEN YOU'RE GONE
?
?
?


I DON'T GET IT, TOOTS! WHY THE SUDDEN CHANGE IN YER ATTITUDE TOWARD THE BAND??
WELL, LET'S JUST SAY A DIFFERENT MEMBER OF "THE LEGION OF BUNCHS" TOOK OVER THE BUNCH BODY!
MR BUNCH
YA SEE KID IT MAKES BETTA SENSE NOT TA ALIENATE THE CUSTOMER
OH MAN...
MR BUNCH AIMS TA PLEEZE YA,.... BUT THAT BUNCH, WHAT A SNIVELER!!
AND SO, R.C. GOES OFF FROM THE OL' HOME STEAD TO JOIN HIS ERSTWHILE COMPANIONS FOR A COUPLE OF "GIGS" WITH HIS FAMOUS STRING BAND, ONCE AGAIN WINNING THE HEARTS OF THE CROWD WITH THEIR QUAINT AND CHARMING BRAND OF OLD-TIME MUSIC!!
TH' OL' GREY MARE SHE AINT WHAT SHE USETA BE THIRTY-NINE Y'ARS AGO...
OBOY OBOY OBOY!
MEANWHILE THE BUNCH WORKS ON HER SPIRITUAL & PHYSICAL SELF IMPROVEMENT
EW, EW I'M SO HIGH!
HOLY BUNCH
...AND MEANWHILE, AT THE BAND'S "CLUBHOUSE" DOWN "IN THE CITY OF SIGHS AND TEARS"...
WHERE'S THAT PILE O' PORNO MAGS...?
MY STOMACH FEELS LOUSY FROM THOSE DONUTS...
LET'S CALL UP SOME BROADS...
MUNCH..
PLUNK

LATER THAT NITE BUNCH AN' HER FRIEND MARY HAVE AN AFTER DINNER COCKTAIL.
YA KNOW IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE I'VE GONE OUT TO A BAR WITHOUT ROBERT
I WONDER WHERE THE FORESKINS ARE PLAYIN'?
I THINK I HEARD THEY'RE AT SLICK WILLY'S
I LIKE THAT PLACE IT'S EYNT LY SLEAZY ENOUGH!
THAT'S TRUE
...AT THE SAME TIME, A HUNDRED MILES AWAY...
LOVE THESE DONUTS... THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER...
I'LL PROBBLY GET A STOMACH-ACHE, BUT WHAT THE HELL...
I SHOULD QUIT EATING THESE POISON PELLETS... I KNOW THEY'RE BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH...
GUESS I'LL HAVE A GLAZED "OL' FASHION" NEXT...
MUNCH MUNCH
DONUTS
THE BUNCH + MARY "GET IT ON" WHILE MEN STARE AT THEIR GIRATING BODIES!!
"...DRAGGING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE NEGRO STREETS AT DAWN LOOKING FOR AN ANGRY FIX..."
THAT'S ME..
MARY ENDS UP WITH KRIS KRISTOFFERSON + THE BUNCH GETS ED NORTON
I'M STRONG I HAVE BIG MUSCLES
HEY YA WANNA SEE THE INSIDE O' MY CAR?
WOULD YA LIKE TO GO WATER SKIING WITH ME LOVE?
YEA, I GUESS
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO WATER SKI AN I DON'T CARE!
"...ANGELHEADED HIPSTERS BURNING FOR THE ANCIENT HEAVENLY CONNECTION TO THE STARRY DYNAMO IN THE MACHINERY OF NIGHT..."
GOTTA MOW TH' LAWN WHEN I GET HOME...

BUNCH + MARY DITCH THEIR DATES + HEAD HOME BUT THEY'RE DETOURED AT A LOCAL BEANER BAR, THE CANTEEN CLUB.

AYE, AYE, AYE AYE CANTA MAYORE

La Fogata

MUSIC DANCING

THE CANTEEN CL

NO ONE UNDER AGE ADMITTED

TE AMO MUCHACHA!

MAMA MAMA!!

QUE PASA MUÑECAS?

LET'S GO IN AN' HEAR THAT MEXICAN BAND

YEA IT SOUNDS LIKE THE REAL THING, I COULD USE A BEER ANY WAY

AN' HOW MAY I SERVE YOU SEÑORITAS?

AYE DE MI' MAMACITAS, WHAT ARE THESE BEYUTIFUL CREATURES DOIN' HERE MADRE DIOS!!

SUPERIOR FOR ME

YO QUIERO UNA DOS EKKIES, POR FAVOR!

SABE ESPAÑOL?

SI SEÑOR, YO HABLO UN POQUITO, ESTUDIE' EN LA UNIVERSIDAD DE ARIZONA POR CUATRO AÑOS.

AN HOUR LATER:

ALINA HABLA BUENA COMO UNA MEXICANA Y TAMBIE'N UD ES MUY BONITA!

GRACIAS

MARIA YOU ARE THE MOST BEYUTIFUL WOMAN I EVER SEE

OH, THANKS

QUIERE IR A GUADALAJARA MAÑANA CON MIGO?

NO, GRACIAS POR QUE ESTOY CASADA, JORGE!

WILL YOU GO TO A HOTEL WITH ME?

NO PEDRO I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU!

THE NEXT DAY THE BUNCH IS BACK HOME BEING DOMESTIC.

GAWDAMN MOTHER-FUCKIN' WEEDS.

I WONDER WHEN ROBERT'S COMIN' HOME, THE LAWN RILLY NEEDS MOWIN'!

MARIA HAS A NEW JOB TENDING BAR AT THE CANTEEN CLUB

OK HOMBRES WHAT'LL IT BE??

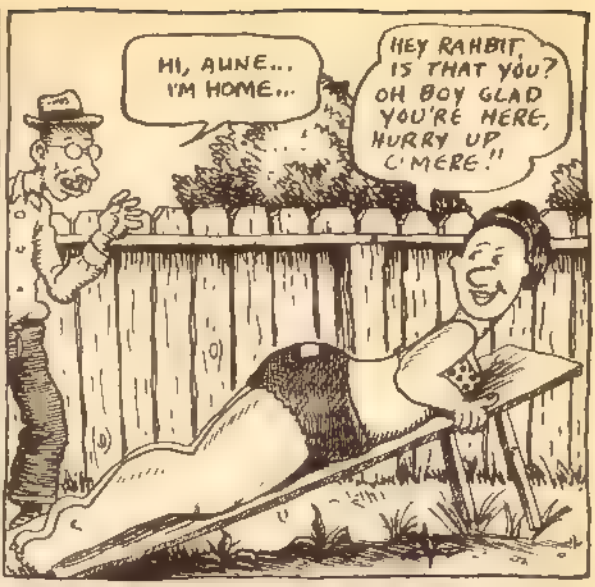
I HAVE A HORSE

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU MARIA MI AMOR, I'LL HAVE A SHOT O' TEQUILA

MEANWHILE, "R." IS FINISHING UP ANOTHER "GIG"...IT'S ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND HE MAKES A BEE-LINE FOR THE CUTE GIRL WITH BIG LEGS WHO'S JUST ABOUT TO WALK OUT THE DOOR...
HI... ER... HOWDJA LIKE TH' MUSIC? WHAT'S YER NAME? I WAS—
HEY CRUMB!!
OH, GEE, I...UH...
HUH? WHATTAYA WANT?
HEY MAN, I JIS' WANNA SAY I REALLY DIG YOUR COMICS! MY NAME'S KEITH... I SENT YOU A LETTER AND SOME DRAWINGS... HOW COME YOU NEVER ANSWERED ME??
WELL, I—
WHAT ARE YOU, STUCK UP OR SOMETHIN'?? SO LISTEN, MAN, TELL ME HOW I CAN GET INTO THE COMICS... MY ARTWORK'S GOOD SHIT... WHAT'D YOU THINK OF THOSE DRAWINGS I SENT YOU?
I CANT RECALL.. I...
YOU DONT REMEMBER?? OH MAN, I SPENT ALOTTA TIME ON THOSE DRAWINGS!!
WELL... UH... ..'BYE...
HEY, WAIT.. I—
HEY CRUMB, MAN, YOU MIGHT BE GOOD BUT YOU'RE NOT THAT FUCKIN' GREAT!! WHO GIVES A SHIT, RIGHT? DO YOU STILL DO ACID??
BOUNCE
JIGGLE
HEY DO ME A LITTLE PICTURE o' MISTER NATURAL ON THIS NAPKIN... C'MON, IT WONT TAKE YOU VERY LONG... AN' SIGN IT "TO IRENE FROM KEITH & R. CRUMB"
GUESS I'LL TAKE TH' BUS HOME TOMORROW MORNING...
R. CRUMB! I'M ONE OF YER BIGGEST FANS!! HOW COME YOU HAVENT DONE ANY GOOD STUFF IN FIVE YEARS??
NEXT DAY, BACK UP IN THE COUNTRY...
WELL, HERE I AM... BACK WITH TH' BUNCH.. THESE TREES LOOK LIKE THEY'RE DYING... MUST BE TH' DROUGHT...

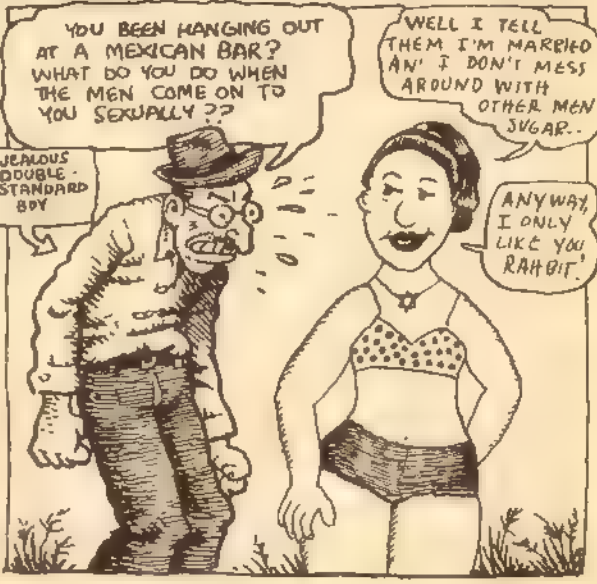
WHEW! MAN, IT'S FUGGIN HOT OUT HERE TODAY! AN' THERE'S THAT BIG BROWN BUNCH, LAYING ON HER BOARD IN THIS BOILING SUN... HOW DOES SHE STAND IT??
EW THIS FEELS SOOO GOOD. HOPE MY PIMPLES BURN UP + FALL OFF

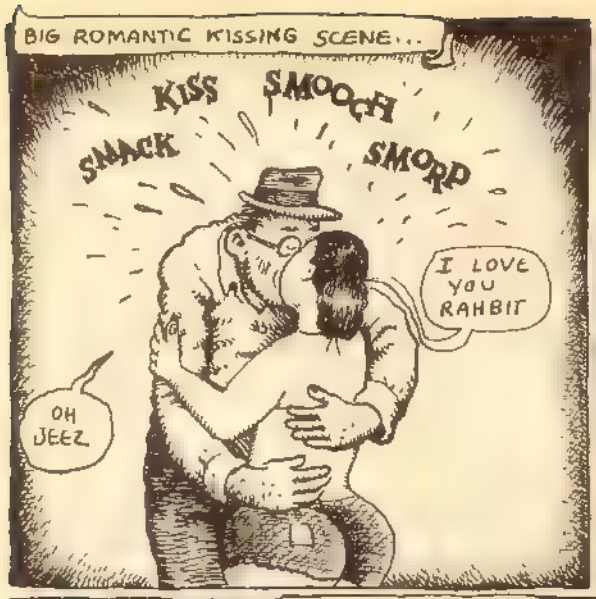

HI, AUNE... I'M HOME...
HEY RABBIT, IS THAT YOU? OH BOY GLAD YOU'RE HERE, HURRY UP C'MERE!!

YOU LOOK SO CUTE LAYING THERE, I HAVE TO GET ON YER BUTT! DID I GET ANY GOOD MAIL?
POUNCE!
YEA YEA, YOU GOT LOTS O' JUNK, S'THAT ALL YOU CARE ABOUT? DON'T YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT THE BUNCH'S BEEN UP TO?

OH YEAH.. HOW'S THE JOB WORKING ON TH' TOMATO HARVESTER WORKIN' OUT?
I QUIT BECAUSE IT WAS TOO HARD, AN' I CRIED ONE TIME. HEY MARY GOT A JOB AT THAT MEXICAN BAR IN TOWN AN' I BEEN HANGIN' OUT THERE A LITTLE
SMALL FACE

AN ALSO I GOT A LOT O' NEW CLOTHES FROM THE SALVATION ARMY, CAUSE MY GIRLFRIEND'S BEEN WORKIN' THERE GETTIN' ALL THE GOOD STUFF... RABBIT I'M AFRAID IF I GET ANY MORE NEW CLOTHES I'LL HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!


YOU BEEN HANGING OUT AT A MEXICAN BAR? WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE MEN COME ON TO YOU SEXUALLY??
JEALOUS DOUBLE-STANDARD BOY
WELL I TELL THEM I'M MARRIED AN' I DON'T MESS AROUND WITH OTHER MEN SUGAR..
ANYWAY, I ONLY LIKE YOU RABBIT.


BIG ROMANTIC KISSING SCENE...
KISS
SMOOCH
SNACK
SMORP
I LOVE YOU RAHBIT
OH JEEZ

RAHBIT, I RILLY DON'T LIKE TA DO IT WITH OTHER MEN VERY MUCH CAUSE I GUESS I'VE JUST DONE IT WITH TOO MANY!
I KNOW... BEFORE YOU MET ME YOU WERE A CHEAP FLOOZY... I PULLED YOU OUTA THE GUTTER!

YEA, I KNOW BUT THE EXPERIENCE TAUGHT ME ABOUT MEN.. LIKE I CAN TELL USUALLY IF THEY HAVE A SMALL PENIS AN' ALSO MOST GUYS PAST AGE 28 HAVE TROUBLE GETTIN' IT UP WITH A STRANGER, SO I JUST DON'T BOTHER MESSIN' ROUND TOO MUCH!
BITTER BUNCH

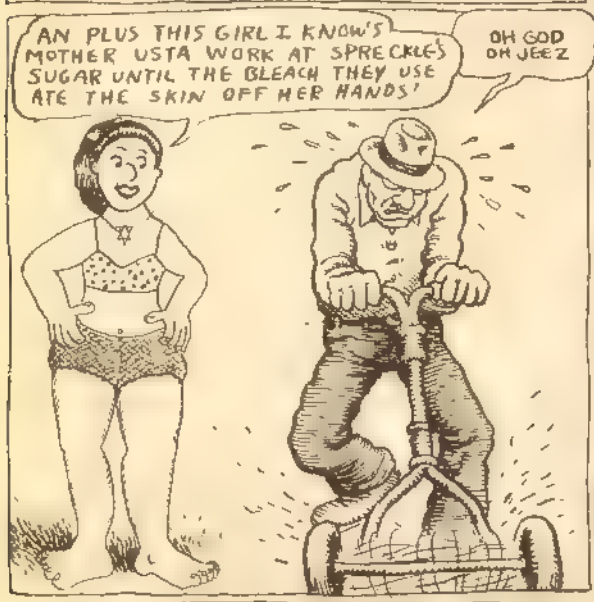
SHEESH! I HAFTA GO INSIDE NOW.. I CAN'T TAKE THIS HEAT OUT HERE HOPE I GOT SOME CHECKS IN TH' MAIL SO I CAN PAY OFF THAT TAX DEBT TO TH' FRIGGIN' I.R.S.
I STILL OWE THEM 30,000 DOLLARS FROM THE DAYS WHEN "KEEP ON TRUCKIN" WAS BRINGIN' IN TH' BIG BUCKS - BEFORE JUDGE WALLENBERG DECLARED IT PUBLIC DOMAIN... TH' BAST
I HATE TO EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!
NO WAY RAHBIT!
I HAVE A CHORE FOR YOU TO DO
TRUDGE
TRUDGE

SEE I GOT THE LAWNMOWER FIXED AT ELFRINKS ELECTRIC SHOP SO NOW YOU C'N MOW THE LAWN + MAKE OUR HOUSE LOOK NEAT!
GLEEP

OH IT WON'T BE SO BAD SWEETS I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY + I'LL TALK TO YOU THE WHOLE TIME YOU'RE WORKING!
OH MAN.. IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING!!
BRAZZZ

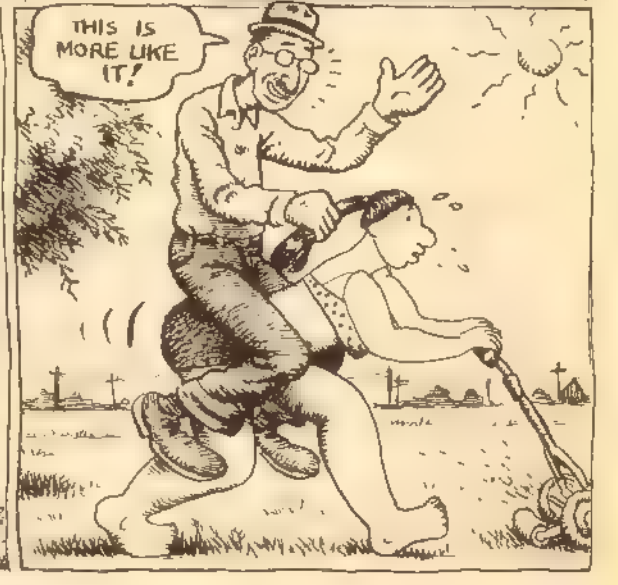
I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN EATIN' ANY POISON WHITE SUGAR JUST 'CAUSE I HAVEN'T BEEN THERE TA YELL AT YOU!!
OH GOD
BRAZZ

YA KNOW I READ IN THIS BOOK CALLED "SUGAR BLUES" THAT REFINED SUGAR CAUSED THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE!
OH JEEZ


AN PLUS THIS GIRL I KNOW'S MOTHER USTA WORK AT SPRECKLE'S SUGAR UNTIL THE BLEACH THEY USE ATE THE SKIN OFF HER HANDS!
OH GOD OH JEEZ

WELL I WON'T SAY ANYMORE I DON'T WANTA REALLY GET ON YOUR CASE OR NOTHIN'
PHWEW!

WHAT'S WRAWNG? ARE YOU MAD AT ME?
HMMM.


THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

THAT EVENING:

BOY THIS CHICKEN MOLE' SURE HAS INCREDIBLE STUFF IN THE SAUCE!

HOPE THIS COMES OUT OK AN' RAHBIT LIKES IT... HE IS KIND OF A "BABY FOOD BOY"... BUT I HAVE GOT HIM USED TA HOT SAUCE + JALAPEÑOS.

CILANTRO
CUMIN
CHILE POWDER
TOMATO PASTE
SALT
SESAME OIL
CINNAMON
COCOA

HOUSEWIFE BUNCH

MEANWHILE, R. IS HUNCHED OVER HIS DESK...

I WISH I COULD FIGURE OUT THESE GERMAN INVOICES SO I COULD GET MY ROYALTY MONEY FROM THEM... I CANT MAKE HIDE NOR HAIR OF THIS STUFF!

AND I'M ALL CONFUSED ABOUT THESE AMENDED STATE TAX FORMS I'M S'POSED TO SEND IN.... OH, MAN...

HOW I HATE THIS BOOK KEEPING!!

WHY CANT I JUST DRAW CARTOONS? THAT'S HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT HAVING TO DEAL WITH THIS CRAP!! GRRRR! *

ROHBIT!! DINNER'S READY!!

* NO, I DON'T WANT A BUSINESS MANAGER!

THANK GOD! I CAN FORGET THIS PAPERWORK FOR AWHILE! MMM!! SMELLS GOOD, ALINE!!

YEA ITS MY OWN SPECIAL SAUCE, AN' NOW I'M BONIN' THIS BIRD FOR YOU, RAHBIT!

YUM YUM! I CAN'T WAIT TO DIG IN, BUT FIRST I'LL JUST DOUSE IT WITH A LITTLE O' THIS TACO SAUCE!

RAHBIT, WAIT A MIN IT, YOU DIN'T EVEN TASTE THAT YOU JUST DESTROYED MY SAUCE, YOU'RE TOTALLY INSENSITIVE!

GLURP

ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU TASTE THE GOD DAM SHIT FIRST, YOU JUST ASSUME THAT ITS GONNA TASTE LOUSY I GUESS, HUH? SO YOU AUTOMATICALLY SMOTHER IT WITH COMMERICIAL CRAPPY FAKE TACO SAUCE!! NOW I NEVER WANT TO COOK AGAIN YOU CAN HAVE ROSARITA FROZEN BURRITOS FROM NOW ON!

OH ooo

TACO SAUCE

USING MORE THAN YOU NEED IS COUNTER REV AN ANT' VOLUN TARY SIMPLICITY AN' THERE FORE BOURGIE!

I- I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN...

VEH IS MERE

BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER BECAUSE I'VE DECIDED THAT WE'RE GOIN' VEGEY AN' WE'RE GONNA RAISE OUR OWN FOOD AN' VEGS TASTE SHITTY WITH TACO SAUCE!

BUNCH NOT CAPABLE OF DRAWING DECENT ARMS!

SLURP

BUT ALINE, RAISING YOUR OWN FOOD IS VERY TIME CON-SUMING AND ALOT OF HARD WORK! AND HOW SHALL WE MAKE MONEY TO PAY OFF THE TAX DEBT AND MAKE MY CHILD-SUPPORT PAYMENTS IN THE MEANTIME ??

NOT FUNNY

MAN!!

HARRASSED CITIZEN

I'M SUPPOSE TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHIN TO SAY TO THAT??!!

RAHBIRT YUR MAKING THIS PROJECT OF OURS AWFULLY GRIM!

I'M GONNA GO PRACTICE MY SQUAWK BOX* OR DO VIGOROUS GYMNASTICS INSTEAD!

* VIOLIN

I'VE DECIDED TO MAKE MYSELF CUTE FOR A CHANGE!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO BUM YOUR TRIP, SUGAR, BUT WHAT TH' HECK! THIS IS "CONFESSIONAL" LITERATURE, ISN'T IT? I CAN SPILL MY SOUL IN THIS BOOK IF I WANT, CAN'T I? IT'S ALL TH' RAGE NOW' DAYS!!

HM. AM I MUSIC GIRL OR JOCK-GIRL TODAY...?? LET'S SEE!!

OBLIVIOUS TO GRIM-BOY

NEW SLIM TRIM BUNCH

100% WOOL NON-CANCER CAUSING SOCKS

ALINE, DO YOU REALIZE WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS COMIC FOR THREE YEARS?!?

RAHBIT, LOOK I CAN DO A BACKWARD STRADLE ROLL.

GUESS I'LL DO THE DISHES NOW..

LATER..
ALINE, THESE FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES ARE REALLY GETTING ME DOWN...I'M A NERVOUS WRECK... I CAN'T WORK, I CAN'T GET IDEAS FOR CARTOONS... I'VE LOST MY ZEST FOR LIFE... I CAN'T EVEN ENJOY SEX ANYMORE! ALL I DO IS WORRY!!
LIFE HAS GOTTEN ALTOGETHER TOO COMPLICATED... I'M BOGGED DOWN IN A MIRE OF ECONOMIC ENTANGLEMENTS, LEGAL OBLIGATIONS, BUSINESS TIES... END-LESS BULLSHIT!
I NEVER WANTED A LIFE LIKE THIS... I WANTED A SIMPLE, DOWN-TO-EARTH EXISTENSE...
IT'S MY KARMA FOR WANTING TO BE FAMOUS, I SUPPOSE.
RAHBIT, RAHBIT LOOK, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE DONE A BACK BEND FROM A STANDING POSITION IT'S HARD AN' I C'N DO IT!
DO YOU THINK ITS POSSIBLE TO BE A JOCK-HOUSEWIFE ARTIST, MUSICIAN?
AM I A HOPELESS JEWISH DILLETANTE FROM L.I.?
IS THIS JUVINILE?
I HAFTO GIVE YOU YOUR SPANISH LESSON LATER'
RAHBIT ARE YOU TALKIN' TO ME, HUH?
DID I HEAR YOU SAY SOMETHING 'BOUT SEX & MONEY?
NEVERMIND, I WAS JUST TELLING YOU ABOUT HOW ALL THESE PRESSURES ARE EATING AWAY AT ME AND —
R-R-RING!
I'LL GET IT..
HELLO? YES, THIS IS ROBERT.. OH, HELLO, BLABETTE*... I'M FINE, HOW'RE YOU?
* ALINE'S MOTHER

ACTUALLY, WE'RE A LITTLE WORRIED THAT WE MAY BE FORCED TO SELL THE HOUSE AND ALL OUR POSSESSIONS TO PAY OFF OUR DEBT TO THE I.R.S..
WELL, ACTUALLY, WE'RE MORE THAN A LITTLE WORRIED... IT'S BEEN A REAL NIGHTMARE... THAT'S THE TRUTH!
RAHBIT WATSA MATTA YUR YOUNG YEW GOT YUR HEALTH YOU CIN START OVER! IT'S NUTHING, DEAR!
WRITE TO PRESIDENT CARTER, I'M TELLIN' YA HE'LL BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING, HE SEZ TA WRITE IF YA HAVE ANY PROBLEMS AT ALL!!
SO HOWSE THE CAHTOONING BUSINESS THESE DASE? YA MAKIN' ANY MORE MOVIES LIKE FELIX THE CAT OR ANYTHING?, HUH? HUH? RAHBIT
NO... WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE TALKING TO YOU... I'LL PUT ALINE ON NOW...
ALINE .. HERE.. ITS YOUR MOTHER.. TALK TO HER!
OH GAWD, WHY DIN'T YEW SAY I WUZ DEAD, OR SOMETHIN'!?
GUILT GIRL WHO LIVES WITH GENTILES IN CALIFORNIA
HOW C'N I TELL 'ER I'M NOT COMIN' TO MIAMI FOR CHRISMIS??
OH MAN, WHAT A VEXATIOUS INDIVIDUAL THAT MOTHER OF HER'S IS... "FELIX THE CAT"... HMH! THAT COARSE, UN-CULTURED, LOUD-MOUTHED I-DUNNO-WHAT!!
THAT WHOLE FAMILY OF ALINE'S IS A PAIN IN THE ASS... SOME OF THEM ARE ROLLING IN FILTHY LUCRE, BUT HELL COULD FREEZE OVER BEFORE THEY'D OFFER TO LEND US A LOUSY STINKIN' DIME TO HELP US OUTA THIS TAX MESS!!
OK YES I LOVE YEW YES I MISS YOU. YEA I'LL CALL SUNDAY, I PROMISE, BYE!!
PHONY SWEET VOICE
BYE YA BIG JERK!
REAL SENTIMENTS

I CAN'T DO THIS RAHBIT... I CAN'T TALK ABOUT BLABETTE YET.... GIMME A FEW MINUTES TO BOUNCE BACK OK?? SHE'S NOT FUNNY TO ME YET... IT'S TOO TRAGIC... I HATE 'ER BUT I LOVE 'ER!

SHE WANTS A FACE LIFT.

SHE'LL BE 49 TOMORROW. IT'S SOOO SAAAD!

I'M ALMOST 30!!

A FACE LIFT, EH? SHE'S NOT GROWING OLD TOO GRACEFULLY, IS SHE?

NO, SHE'S VAIN + SHALLOW, AN' SO AM I!

I'LL NEED A FACELIFT N ABOUT A YEAR I HAVE WRINKLES!

SEE LOOK AT THESE, AN' 'ROUND MY EYES TOO. I LOOK OLD... ACTUALLY I ONLY LOOKED GOOD FOR ABOUT 3 YEARS... I WUZ UGLY AS A TEEN AN' NOW ITS ALL OVER FOR ME!

YOU LOOK FINE!

RECEDING HAIRLINE

I GUESS I WON'T GO BAWLD THO NEITHER OF MY PARENTS WENT BALD ... BUT MY GRANDMA'S ONLY GOT ABOUT 2 HAIRS, BUT AT HER BEAUTY PARLOR THEY KNOW HOW TO PUFF 'EM UP TO LOOK REAL BIG

BEEN LOSIN' A LOT 'O HAIRS THO RECENTLY

RAHBIT, YA KNOW HAIR LOSS IS A SIGN OF CANCER... AN' MY FATHER DIED OF IT EVEN THO HE HAD ALL OF HIS HAIR!

TSK! DON'T BE SILLY! EVERY TIME THE SLIGHTEST THING GOES WRONG WITH YOUR BODY YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT CANCER!!

THIS RECORD COULD USE A WASH..

YEA, WELL IF I DIED YOU'D FEEL REALLY SAD I KNOW IT, AN' PLEEEZE RAHBIT PROMISE ME THAT YOU WON'T LET THEM SEND MY BODY BACK TO BETH DAVID CEMETARY IN ELMONT, LONG ISLAND

WHATTA YOU CARE WHERE YER BURIED? THAT'S THE LEAST OF YER WORRIES! WHEN YOU'RE DEAD YOU'RE DEAD... WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHERE YOU'RE BURIED??

IT MATTERS TO ME!

RAHBIRT, YEW HAFTO MARRY ME SO YEW HAVE CONTROL OVER MY BODY WHEN I DIE, OK? WILL YEW? ALSO I'LL BE A BIG TAX DEDUCTION AN' MAYBE MY FAMILY WILL EVEN GIVEUS SOME MONEY!

WHAT?? MARRY YOU??

ACTUALLY, IT IS TEMPTING IN A WAY... I WOULDN'T MIND BEING IN A BETTER TAX BRACKET... BUT NO, IF I MARRIED YOU, I'D FEEL TRAPPED... ...AND SO WOULD YOU, PROBABLY...

I KNOW I'D LOSE INTEREST IN YEW + PROBLY LEAVE YOU. BUT THE IDEA OF MARRIAGE APPEALS TO ME TODAY... YA KNOW WHY?

NO, WHY?

BECAUSE I WAS JUST READING IN THE VILLAGE VOICE ABOUT THIS "PLATOS RETREAT" IT'S A SWINGERS CLUB WHERE LIBERATED MIDDLE AGE PEOPLE FUCK EACH OTHER ON BIG MATS ON THE FLOOR AN' IN THE JACUZZI, I'M SO REPELLED THAT NOW I WANT TO BE A DECENT REGULAR PERSON

BALDY BUNCH

YA KNOW THE OWNER OF PLATOS LARRY LEVENSON, A FAT LIPPED JEW-SWINGER FROM JERSEY, SED "SO THERE'S NO TOILET PAPER IN THE BATHROOM, THEY DIDN'T COME HERE TO PISS." ITS GOTTA BE THE END OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION, I'M TELLIN' YA!

YEP... THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE...

BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR US, ALINE... WE CAN NEVER BECOME DECENT, RESPECTABLE CITIZENS IN THE COMMUNITY... WE'RE BEYOND THE PALE... THESE COMICS WE'VE DONE WILL ALWAYS BE THERE TO MARK US AS WEIRDOS AND BOHEMIANS... WE'RE BRANDED FOR LIFE!

ALL THE SMUT... ALL THE PERVERSION... THE EXPLICIT, TWISTED SEX... IT'S ALL OUT THERE FOR ANYONE TO SEE WHO CARES TO LOOK..

NOOOO! I WANNA HAVE A BIG WEDDING PARTY WITH ALL THE OLD FOLKS WE KNOW THERE, AN' HAVE MUSIC BY THAT OL' FARM FAMILY WE KNOW... AN EVERYTHING

VERY CUTE

AN' BESIDES THIS IS THE LAST STOOPID COMIC I'M EVER GONNA DO I ALREADY TOLD YOU I'M QUITTING THIS BIZNS!!*

IN YOUR "SPACE" WITH YOU?? YOU SOUND LIKE AN "EST" GRADUATE... THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR ALLOWING YOU TO GO AS A "GUEST" TO ONE OF THOSE SEMINARS.. YOU'RE SO SUGGESTABLE!

I'M A DIFFERENT PERSON NOW THE PAST CAN BE FORGOTTEN!

THERE'S NO SMUT HERE IN MY SPACE WITH ME ANYMORE!

*ALL YEW BIG JERKS THAT HATE MY WORK + WROTE MEAN LETTERS CAN BE HAPPY NOW!

LATER
SO YOU'RE GOING TO QUIT DRAWING COMICS, HUH, ALINE? ...SEEMS A SHAME TO WASTE YOUR TALENT LIKE THAT... YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF GREAT STORIES IN YOU YET...
SO WHAT, IT'S TOO HARD TO DRAW THIS STUFF, I'D RATHER LIVE OFF A YOU... I'M JUST A USELESS PARASITE LIKE EVERYONE IN MY FAMILY... LET'S FACE IT!
NO YOU'RE NOT, ALINE... YOU DO YOUR PART... YOU'RE NOT A PARASITE... SAY, WERE YOU KIDDING OR NOT WHEN YOU SAID YOU WANTED ME TO MARRY YOU??
I DUNNO, IT'S JUST A SCHTICK, I WOULD LIKE A BIG PARTY AN' ALL BUT I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE REST! WHY DO YOU CARE YOU REFUSED MY PROPOSAL YOU REJECTED ME ANYWAYS, BUT I DON'T CARE, I'M CONTENT WITH MY LITTLE CUTE LIFE!
YOU ARE A LITTLE CUTE HOUSEWIFE, BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR CAREER AS A CARTOONIST? I HOPE YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO GIVE IT UP... YOU NEED MORE CREATIVE OUTLETS THAN JUST BAKING COOKIES FOR ME...
HOW D'YOU KNOW THAT I'M SICK O' CONFORMING TO THE ARTSY STANDARDS OF 'PRESS. MAYBE THE REAL BUNCH IS A HOUSEWIFE-JOCKETTE, I DON'T HAFTO BE A GAWDAM ARTIST IF I DON' WANTO!
I KNOW! WUTCHA MEAN... DRAWING COMICS IS TORTURE AND THE COMIC SCENE IS A PAIN IN TH' ASS... I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING FED UP WITH IT... I'VE QUIT DOZENS OF TIMES MYSELF...
OH WELL, I'M TIRED OF TALKIN' 'BOUT THAT .... RAHBIT YEW HAFTO KISS ME NOW! WILL YEW, I WANT YOU TOO" PLEEZE"
ALRIGHT ALRIGHT...
DO YEW LIKE ME?
KISS!
YEH... SURE...
OK, GOOD BYE, I'M GOIN' TO BUNCH LAND NOW. AN BOY IS IT FUN THERE!
I'M GOING TO BOBLAND... BOBLAND IS GRIM...
GREAT ENDING HUH, POPS??
YEAH WELL...
THE END

WE GOT Letters

IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF "DIRTY LAUNDRY" WE INVITED READERS TO WRITE US THEIR OPINIONS ABOUT THE BOOK. THE RESPONSE WARMED OUR HEARTS AND CHILLED OUR SOULS!! UNFORTUNATELY, SOME GOOD LETTERS GOT LOST... BY ALINE PROBABLY! ONE FROM A COUPLE (MAN & WOMAN) WHO WROTE: "SHE MUST BE A GOOD LAY BUT KEEP HER OFF THE FUCKING PAGE!" ANOTHER WAS FROM A PSYCHO ANALYST IN SAN JOSE' WHO SAID HE WAS GIVING OUR COMIC TO HIS PATIENTS FOR THERAPY!! LOCK 'IM UP! THERE ARE A LOT OF NUTS RUNNING AROUND OUT THERE.. A LOTTA DESPERATE INDIVIDUALS, AS YOU'LL SEE. IF YOU CAN WADE THROUGH THESE LETTERS, YOU'LL GET A FEELING FOR THE PULSE-BEAT OF OUR ERA.. IT'S INTERESTING HOW MANY OF 'EM CLOSED WITH REMARKS LIKE "SO WHAT?" OR "WHAT'S THE USE" OR "FUCK YOU".. SIGN OF THE TIMES, I GUESS... SOME OF THE LETTERS ARE PRINTED IN THEIR ENTIRETY, OTHERS NOT. ANYWAY, IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THAT SOMEBODY OUT THERE LIKES US!

—R. CRUMB

Dear Cartoonists (Aline & Bob):

Your collaboration seems to work very well! In fact, frankly, I think these stories are better, more purposeful than the most recent Crumb solo cartoons I have seen.

I have been called (by Bill Griffith) probably the only serious Underground Comic book Art Collector—I collect original art. Do you all have any for sale at a reasonable price?

Best wishes,
Alfred Bergdoll
New York City

Dear Friends:

I just read the first page of Dirty Laundry Comix, and already I love it! Bob, I am so glad that you've run into a woman that you care for! Maybe when you meet my girl Margaret you won't look at her the way you did at my last girl Carol! Aline, I like what you got to say and I should know 'cause I'm pretty cute. To see you two writin' together gives me some hope that we may have some real Rock n' Roll again some day. Sure would be nice. Ain't it amazin' that "Earth Angel" is probably just as good as almost everything released in 1974?! I love you all and keep on toodlin'!

Michael Sales
(someday to be) Ph.D.
San Francisco, Calif.

P.S. I love the whole comic! Aline, you draw good! Its so healthy! More!

Dear Aine & Robert:

I liked your comic a lot. It is the funniest comic I've ever seen you do, Robert.

If you are ever in the neighborhood of Santa Cruz, do stop by for dinner. I live in an unusual futuristic college you may enjoy seeing. I am m #203.

Good Luck,
Don McCormick
Santa Cruz, Calif.

P.S. to Aline: I am a cute young man.

Dear Robert and Aline:

Timothy Leary and his girl friend are great. So are the cats and chickens, and Aline's drawings of Robert. My favorite panel is the one in which Robert says, after the flood has destroyed their homes: "We'll have to start over and learn to live like the indians," and Aline says, "Let's go to a motel that has Cable T.V." .... (HA HA! — ED.)

I like to draw too. I am 25 yrs. old, and support myself in a modest fashion, painting signs, drawing posters, and doing other graphics. I have just built a little cabin for myself in the hills of South-western Wisconsin. It is cozy, with a wood stove and a loft. It is sort of a tree house, as it is supported by two Oaks. It is also sort of a ship. It creaks in storms, and sways with the trees a little. But it protects me from the elements.

Love to you both,
William Crook
Waunakee, Wisconsin

YOU GOT THE RIGHT IDEA, WILLIAM!
—ED.

Dear Bob and Aline:

Thanx for a warm, wonderful story. Hang out more Laundry any time.

Sincerely:
John Graham
C.Y.M.

WARM? WONDERFUL??

— JEWISH GIRL —

Dear Aline and Robert:

This is a fan letter. I just finished reading Funtime Funnies, and I loved it!!! I appreciate your efforts individually and collectively, and I can feel the love, the intensity and the sensitivity displayed all the way through the book. You seem to be doing fine by me. It seems some things are worth alot of struggling.

I'm Linda Lucks, and I live in Venice, California, am 31, and have two children. I'm divorced and live with my children and three other people. I work on the Free Venice Beachhead, the local community newspaper which is run collectively and is political. I'm also Jewish, a feminist, insecure, and I love a WASP cartoonist from Cleveland and we fuck a lot! But I'm pushier than him. But not much.

So, I hope you do another cartoon together soon, and if you ever come to Venice, you can, if you like, stay with me. I'd like that. Bye.

Linda
Venice, Calif.

— STONED —

Hello, Bob:

It's a dull night, thought I'd write. My mind is blank at the drawing board, and I am tired of the usual. Luis & Ralph just left: & we done got stoned. I know, it's indicative... But, Dirty Laundry... Aline saved it. Rather, the schtick of using her, USING HER, REALLY, saved it (I'd hate it if someone said this crap to me. I know, I know, it's indicative.) Yer writing seems to be lacking youthful enthusiasm, I guess. I don't know, something ain't right somewhere. Wish I could help.

Anyway, its a dull night and I just thought I'd write. Bye.

Jon Farwell

Dear Bob and Aline:

In my opinion your Dirty Laundry Comix was Really sensational, man, a real gasser of Laughter. You both got it together with plenty righteous dialogue, know what I mean? Aline, I believe you are outer in real life. It shows up in your style.

The funny book in itself was very well done, except, I think, and no offense, but Miss Aline, if your drawing was good as your dialogue, baby, you'd have it made in the shade of the comicbook industry. Like you'd be stiff competition for some Big-Timers I know. Right, Bob?

Anyway (gettin' back to the book), it was loads of laffs. Just to name a few of my favorite one-liners, Weaver's "Jerk!!!!&NIGGERS@*!" and "Just because you bitches have tits you think you know everything!" Also that little space adventure was simply outa this world! (HA HA! — ED.)

Bob, we all know who's "the most" but I've sometimes wondered why you don't draw yourself as you look in real life. In those cartoons you look as if you've aged a bit, or styled your cartoon image after your Dad or Uncle. Try dressing a little less blase; and maybe you won't have such a hard time hitching a ride (hardy har har). But all the same you both did (wow!) a superb comic book.

P.S. You two never fight, you just Love each other!

Your Fan
Richard Menezes Jr.
Hayward, California

— MALE CHAUVINIST —

Crumb—

Why did you do that thing with Aline Kominsky? Like a friend of mine said: Let her do the cooking—you do the cartoons!

Sincerely,
Barry Gould
Williams Bay, Wis.

MORE Letters

(CONTINUED FROM

Dear Bob and Aline:

Enjoying your Dirty Laundry Comics reminds me of when I first began to draw. It was in Elementary School, where a friend and me would draw mazes for each other during class and try to figure them out.

Of course, I was sent to the principal's office many times, but that didn't curb my artistic talent. In High School I moved up to defacing books and writing foul things in them. Then, I majored in Art in College and got good grades for two years, but dropped out because of hard subjects like "Government and Humanities." So I took the Famous Artists course, but got too far behind, so I enrolled in a vocational school, where I studied Commercial Art for a year, only to find out it wasn't for me. So, I always dream of being an Artist, everyday that I do my present work as Carpenter. Ouch! Dammit! Ow! Hell, I hate this! Oh, there's another splinter! There's another cut. Damn, another bruise, shit, etc.

You are all bored with this, so I'll comment on Dirty Laundry Comics. I thought it was very imaginative, especially the outer space bit. I really enjoy reruns of Star Trek. I liked Aline's crude style along side Bob's refined style. The police have recently started spying in the sky with helicopters and it is making me a nervous wreck thinking about 1984 getting closer and everything. St. Petersburg used to be so quiet when there were only old fogeys on the street. Now the brick streets are asphalt and boys are laying rubber all the time outside.

Sincerely,
Tom Robbins
St. Petersburg, Fla.

P.S. I'm cuter in real life, Aline, I'm 26 and single and living with my parents. (I know thats moronic, but rent elsewhere is so high.)

— OLD FRIEND OF ALINE'S —

Dear Honeybunch:

Thanks for the comix. It's like getting a long letter from your telling me more than I want to know about you and R. Crumb.

How do your folks feel?

Your art is getting better by leaps and bounds.

Ruth Gottstein
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. R. Crumb & Aline Kominsky:

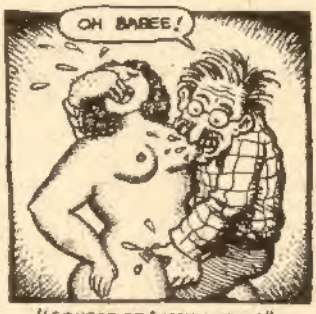
As I ease back, I can say with a fair amount of confidence that your stories do contain a fair amount of humor as well as morals, of course. But today, I completed Dirty Laundry Comics and actually laughed out loud, but not too loudly — the landlady's here — Thank you all for bringing humor into my pitiful life. Well, I tell you, I had to steal this piece of paper, and it has been more than three months, two weeks... aw, what's the use!

From
Peter Andrew Needle
Troy, N.Y.

Dear Robert & Aline:

I find myself frequently referring back to your "Dirty Laundry" as a source of inspiration. I believe this is because it is based on dynamic sense of self-acceptance.... I know from reading it that there is nothing self-righteous about you two. I have read it many times and it's always fun. Believe it or not, I even think it's had an influence on my love life! It encourages me to be more direct and to kid around when I feel like it.

Love,
Barry Stavinsky
Inglewood, Calif.



"SOURCE OF INSPIRATION"

Dear Aline & Robert:

...I too have a beloved collection of records and a fat Tom cat, and Mark and I've worked in the comic-book vein virtually since infancy. I wonder, though, at some of the venom displayed between the two of you in certain panels. Must two people obviously in Love and respect with each other constantly display such outward hostility?

...You two crazy kids have obviously seen it all. What do you think of the future? I am Science-fiction oriented, and try to keep a positive attitude against what some see as the New Flood. But if people such as you can still crack jokes about the difficulties of cohabitation and the impossibilities of one-on-one communication, I have no fears left to call my own.

Please continue cranking out exemplary work such as Dirty Laundry, and this fan will sit in your corner forever.

Until the last towel is thrown in,
Keep on Fuckin'
Yours Very Cordially,
Randall Hiteshew
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

P.S. Tell Weaver "Niggers" is an unacceptable socio-epithet nowadays.

I think Aline could draw better but is the best women (sic) cartoonist I seen.

Bill Mulcahy
New York City

"SHITTIEST GUY OF THE YEAR AWARD"

Dear Kominsky and Crumb:

You asked for fan mail, so here it is! I bet you think I won't mail this to you ....sure you don't think I will, but, I will! So, now, if we speak of HAIR STYLES — so what? So, if you want a penny, I will have a penny. If you want a dime, I shall say, give them a dime, but 75 cents a comic is a Goddamn Jew trick! If I ever seen one, and I'VE SEEN a few!!! The usual trick as usual to take over THROUGH banking or CLOTHING STORES. Seed bulls take heed in times o' need. So, send me some faith in my fellow man. Send me four-hundred dollars free or charge. Send the money today to 905 Formosa, Hollywood, Calif. I do this not for myself, but for you and Aline, two people, true, only two, but still, "The People." It's time to PROVE YOUR LOVE, Aline — Prove yer love, ROB. So, as you both must know, I need the cash to cure my ills to have some thrills, to account for my kills, sing like Steven Stills, and gimme some o' that green goo lash befa' I go unda, Koe Koe Moe Joe — GRUNT — Please send the $500 from the both of you. Send it to Gary Sharpley, 905 Formosa, Hollywood, Calif, 90046. Please send today. Send this amount to me in the mail. $250 from each of you. One $250 check. Made out to me ...Please send these amounts to me today. You will benefit kharmically to NO end, I can guarantee it! So send your checks: $250 respectively to me, Gary Sharpley, 905 Formosa, Hollywood, Calif, 90046. That's Gary Sharpley, 905 Formosa, Hollywood, Calif. Please, NO money orders. Thursday of this next week! Look — this isn't fan mail, nor is it JUNK MAIL, it's rather — funk mail, or German VOLK, dig? So divy up, Jews, $500 bucks or... hmmm... not really... just kiddin'... honest, but please send me the money... Send... Me... $500... By... THURSDAY OF THIS NEXT WEEK. I should be getting it IN THE MAIL from you two... And... if it be true... I can... thank... two... who... did... not... say... Fuck you... $500 is all I ask — G. Sharpley. Elle est retrouvée! Quoi l'éternité. C'est la mer mêlée. Au soleil. — A. Rimbaud. "Morality is a weakness of the brain" — Rimbaud. You must give me a prompt reply... from the two of you... Please send.... Two-hundred-fifty dollars... Apiece... from each of you... Send it tomorrow, please. I know you work hard for your money... but so do I... I have none... am up to my neck in debt... $500 bucks could save me... give me some more time to exist... bro and sistah, hey, ya know! So do yourself a great favor and send me this money at once... Send it now to Gary Sharpley, 905 Formosa, Hollywood, Calif., 90046... Send it today... Get that good feeling of solid karma... at KIN with the Lord... Send it today... Send it to 905 FORMOSA. JUST LIKE THE ISLAND... Send it to 905 Formosa... 905 Formosa, Hollywood... Hollywood, Calif., 905 Formosa, Hollywood, Calif., 90046 - GARY SHARPLEY, 905 FORMOSA, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., 90046... Please send your check or money order made out to Gary Sharpley — Gary Sharpley — And do so knowing and feeling YOU HAVE NOTHING AGAINST ME. There is no reason for this to be taken in a negative way. It is a TOTALLY POSITIVE statement... No demands have been made! No demands have been made! No demands have been made!! So, I'm getting hungry... can't find a job, what wit dah dipression and all... so send them bucks to me, honest. Maybe we can be pen pals, but send the money now. I need $150 to pay my phone bill, and one-hundred dollars to pay my rent, and the rest for food, groove, and SMOKE. So with having no one to turn to after forsaking the hippy revolution... thrown out on my ass by the best, I seek — RESTORATION Payments for the thousands of products I HAVE BOUGHT! Look, really, guys, yer ol' pal an' fren' is o'bout to go under... Send the money now... Send your $250 check to: Gary Sharpley, 905 Formosa, Hollywood, Calif., 90046... I will send you each a nice Thank You note... so please hurry... I only have a few days left... and then, SKAHZOE — da Bowery... God, Aline, who is this weirdo? Is he a DOSTOYEVSKY or a Keaey or what? Well, maybe he's just a fellow man reaching through the confusion of misunderstanding... Even $250 apiece is not that much... You don't have to hold back. You don't need to feel like you should or shouldn't give more... Do as you will... Send your check to Gary Sharpley, 905 Formosa, Hollywood, Calif. At least tell me why you can't so I can wonder if you really could... I could have digged a whole ditch in the time it took to write this... Hey, I ain't no talented dude or anything like that, but I sure can be a good friend usually... Look, it's okay, I'll take the "Shittiest Guy of the Year" award. Who cares? Just send me the MONEY, THAT'S what's important!?!

WHEW! GARY, BABY! KID! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! (..... LOCK 'IM UP...) — ED.

MORE Letters

Dear Robert & Aline:

I appreciate the invitation to write. I'll just say hello for now. I have to go to sleep in order to get to a mechanics class in the morning. Five more mornings and this "Community College" will give me a certificate to the effect that I can adjust the front wheel alligment of cars. It's mostly a ceremonial thing. The idea is you show you're willing to mortify yourself and then they pay money.

Sincerely,
Nat Wheeler
Portland, Oregon

-CUTE COLLEGE BOY WRITES TO ALINE-

Hi Aline!

Hello, my name is Paul. I am a fan of yours... Since you have never met me, I'll have to describe myself. (YOU LOVE IT/-ED.) I am 5'10" tall, 160 lbs., hazel eyes, with brown hair halfway down my back. My friend Amy says I look "Really fine." I usually wear jeans, teeshirts, and saddle shoes. I study music at Albany State U. during the week and party and work with a rock group during the week-end. My instrument is the bass guitar. I'm 20 years old.

I like your work. Robert's stuff shows more skill with a pen than yours, but your cartoons show more love and creativity and imagination than anything I've ever seen. Other Comics (underground) seem rather surreal and sadistic next to yours. Also, I never really enjoyed the racist and sexist implications that many cartoonists make.

Well, that's about all I have to say, except that if you would like to write to me, or give me a call, or visit me some time, here's what you need to know:

Paul Griffin
[illegible] AVE.
Albany, New York
Phone: [illegible]
I love You,
Paul

BOY, IF ROBERT GOT A LETTER LIKE THIS FROM A GIRL HE'D BE HOT ON HER TRAIL, BUT NOT THE BUNCH. —ALINE

Dear Aline & Bob (Bob & Aline, or C&K, or...)

... Crumb, you alone had the courage to put a Yiddishe maiden in yer funnies. Now that you've gotten your shoes wet in the ocean of Hebrew wit, you'll be ready for the move that will immortalize ya, "R. Crumb's Kosher Komix."

Aline, it's time you got rid of that glory seeker Crumb an' got the credit you deserve. You look like my sister Debbie back in the Bronx. You could be a star. Then again, if you two wanta be known as the John and Yoko of head comix, it's your bizness.

Thanks for all the great readin'.
Your Fan,
Marc

— R. CRUMB FAN-BOY —

Dear R. Crumb and Friends:

I've tried to get hold of everything you've drawn that's been published. You've invited comments, and I'd like to talk about your latest developments in Aline and Bob.

You once drew a short strip in which you directly address the Women's Liberation Movement. You say you agree with the concept of equality and pluralism, but that you can't pervert your art. Stick to it.

I figure that you, like me, live in a community of people. You talked things over and decided that maybe if you gave coverage to some one else's work with your following—whatever. When an authentic woman genius comix artist comes along, she'll get recognition. But only time and fate will do that. You can't.

The comix medium is great. Keep up the good work, and continue searching for a sibling genius. Perhaps you can have them draw a story in your issue. But draw your own story... I'd appreciate you answering back even if just to say "I hear you talking."

Love and Great Admiration
Gary Fields
Westfield, New Jersey

I HEAR YOU TALKING. —ED.

— FAN-BOY ROCK-MUSICIAN —

Dear Robert Crumb:

Your girl friend's got alot of balls to pit her pen against yours. I've read everything you've done, more or less, and you are very hip to the Pop-Culture I.E. reflecting your surroundings. I want you to do our Album cover when my band does one. (Road Turkey)

Sincerely,
Your Fan
Marty Jourard
Gainesville, Florida

— ALINE FAN-BOY —

Dear Aline:

I really enjoyed your half of "Dirty Laundry." Maybe some time if I'm out that way you would permit me to come visit you to talk about you making a big drawing of an electric wild dog for me. (colored in, of course)

Say Hi to Bob for me, but tell him to get off this silly Nostalgia trip and back into the smut and biting social commentary I once knew and loved him for.

Yours Truly,
Chris Kathman
Frederick, Maryland

— DIVINITY STUDENT —

Folks? Friends? Fellow Persons?

I've never written a fan letter before. What do you say to a "Heavy"? Every possibility that I come up with only makes me seem like more of a fool and an idiot.

(TUT TUT, MY BOY! WERE ALL EARS!—ED.)

But that, I guess, is the point. Nobody really knows, 'cause we are all idiots. Every attempt we might make to justify ourselves is rightfully condemned from some other point of view. We are what we are. Every attempt to change is condemned for its phoney hypocrisy. Every attempt to find a new ground sends us spinning loop-de-loop through the eternal circles of infinite possibility. Whatever we might end up with, "There's just no way to test it..."

Maybe it's the world, maybe it's ourselves, maybe it's just me personally, that I'm fucked up, and everyone else is really "there," but I doubt it.

The great American Theologian, Jonathan Edwards, said that consciousness is just another feeling, another sensation, like seeing, hearing, touching, etc. The mind simply feels what it thinks. It watches its own functioning and is under only an illusion that it is in control. All of this just keeps happening to us, to me, and here we are.

Except, perhaps, for the possibility of pointing to it, of seeing ourselves as we spin through the cycles, of laughing at our insanity, mine, yours, everybody's. Hooray for Art! And Hooray for the comix!

You are, in my estimation, the only people telling it like it is today, showing us ourselves as we really are, and getting the message across. From acid to politics to our sexual games, ya hit the nail on the head every time.

As one fan, I want to plead with you not to let the bastards get you down. Don't give in to anybody's standards but your own. Don't try to express anybody's trip but yours. Get into it and let it all flow out. As St. P. once said, "Why should my liberty be determined by another man's scruples?" (1 cor. 10, 29)

And keep up the attack on all kinds of spiritual elitism, the arrogance of those who think that they have grace, who suffer worst the sin of Pride. You may not like the outmoded language, neither did I, but your art is the only expression in our culture of the doctrine of total depravity, that we are all fucked up, and brothers and sisters together equally in our weird condition.

Admiringly,
David R. Williams
Harvard Divinity School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Aline and Bob:

...Out of a large pile of largely Wank Wank... Dirty Laundry is a mile-stone in comic history. Bravo!

We don't get to see a lot of American comics out here, only through friends who travel back and forth, so we usually see them a little late (six months this time). I've just waded through a mountainous pile that just arrived, and folks, yours shines like a beacon through a bleak horizon. Congratulations! If they're a little late, sorry!!

Now... when is the next chapter? Have or will you continue the saga? As seperate people or a happy couple? Maybe you already have. A beleaguered veteran of the great acid-sex wars of '71/'72 awaits the next installment...

All my love, congratulations, and warmest feeling for a wonderful comic,
Yours,
Bob Daly
Fitzroy, Victoria
Australia

—The old songs are the best.

P.S. Why dontcha come an' visit some time? Get a grant... Ron Cobb does it...

- UNGRATEFUL FAN-BOY—

Dear Mr. Crumb:

...I suppose that, in asking for fan mail, you wanted constructive criticism. I don't have any. It was a good comic, but a little too cute. 75 cents is pretty stiff too. Aline's art was pretty good shit, though laboured. From your pictures of her, I can see why you like to draw big legs. I have copies of all your comix. Maybe you will answer this letter, hey? A letter from you would cap my collection. Is the lady on the cover (behind the fence) your mother?

J. W. Worrall
Greenfield, Mass.

LET'S NOT DRAG MY MOTHER INTO THIS! —ED.

Dear Robert and Aline:

...The two styles were a little weird together, but then so is everything you do! (Big Compliment!) I admired Aline for the courage she had in drawing herself next to the master—took a lot of guts. I cracked up over Bob's self-imposed guilt trips, and I also thought that the Crumb-to-Kominsky face-fuck was a real work of Art. The last time I attacked my own girl in such a way, I came out with a "OK BABEE—OH BOOBOO—OK BABEE—OK BOOBOO—VIP VIP VIP VIP VIP—OK BA-BEE—ORP... It was all quite hysterical, and afterward I had to explain to her the "in-joke" I was having with myself and your "Dirty Laundry." I also identified with your dilemma after the flash-flood which "liquidated" your entire record collection except for ten playable grooves of "Transatlantic Stomp." I sincerely hope that that didn't happen to you...

Peace, Love & Sex to You Both,
John C. Lange
North Hollywood, Calif.

WE WANT MORE LETTERS! LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS ISSUE BY WRITING TO:

CRUMB & KOMINSKY
P.O. BOX 214
MADISON, CALIFORNIA 95653

BUNCH'S TIPS on HOUSE WORK and EXERSIZE
GOOD PEOPLE
YA KNOW LADIES, IT'S JUST AS IMPORTANT TO KEEP THAT BODY TUFF AS IT IS TO KEEP YOUR HOUSE SPIC 'N SPAN!
SO WITHOUT TAKING TIME AWAY FROM YOUR HOUSEWIFELY DUTIES...
HERE'S SOME HINTS!
SEE, JUST SINK DOWN INTO A SPLIT WHILE VACUUMING + STRETCH UP TO CLEAN THOSE WINDOWS!!
USE BOTH HANDS + FEET FOR MORE EFFICIENT FLOOR WAXING!
WAX
FOR THOSE STUBBORN SPOTS THAT NEED SCRUBBING-- RELAX IN A YOGA POSITION!
HIS
AN' LAST BUT NOT LEAST, FOR THOSE BULGING CALF MUSCLES, UP, UP, UP, ON THE TOES WHILE DOIN' THE DISHES!
IF YOU DO ALL THIS STUFF EVERY SINGLE DAY... YOUR HOUSE'LL BE SPOTLESS AN' YOU'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP THAT HUBBY IN LINE! SO GET CRACKIN'!
SUCH A STRONG GIRL!
I FEEL SO SECURE!

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Dirty Laundry Comics #2

Published Jan 1978
(1st edition)
Last Gasp Eco-Funnies
$1.00
36 pages
Printrun of 10,000 copies
7" x 10 1/4"
ISBN:

Stories:

2 - First A Few Words From The Artists
3 - Their Cute Li'l Life Together
33 - Letters
36 - Bunch's Tips on House Work and Exercise

Artists:

Robert Crumb - 1-34+, 36+
Aline Kominski - 1-34+, 36+

Comments:

Semi-autobiographical jam-comix about the lives of Robert Crumb and Aline Kominski.